HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

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AFTER THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—RELIEF PARTY CROSSING THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE ERECTED OVER THE CONEMAUGH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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MISS MARY E. WILKINS *contributes a story, with an illustration by* MISS ALICE BARBER. *The eleventh chapter of the serial story "Dorymates" is accompanied by an excellent illustration after a drawing by* W. T. SMEDLEY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE BEHRING SEA.

WHEN in 1870 the United States paid Russia $7,200,000 for all her possessions on the North American continent and the adjacent islands, we bought all the just Russian rights and claims. The title of Russia was derived from prior discovery by BEHRING in 1725, under instructions of PETER the Great, which were carried out by the Empress CATHERINE. The treaty by which Alaska was ceded to the United States defines the boundary of the Territory, which includes the waters to the western end of the Aleutian group of islands, over which, therefore, presumptively, the authority of the United States extends. But in 1821, when Russia claimed sovereignty over the Pacific Ocean north of the 51st degree of latitude, and prohibited foreign vessels from approaching within less than a hundred Italian miles, the United States protested. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS asked of the Russian Minister an explanation, upon principles recognized by the laws and usages of nations, of so extraordinary a claim. The Russian Minister replied that the Behring Sea was really a *mare clausum*. Mr. ADAMS rejoined conclusively that the line claimed by Russia included a part of the unquestionable open sea, because from shore to shore on this sea, in latitude 31° north, the distance was several thousand miles. From this position the United States did not recede, and in 1824, Russia, in a convention with the United States, practically withdrew the claim, and in the next year she made a similar treaty with Great Britain.

The Russian claim has not been formally asserted by the United States. But in August, 1886, the United States revenue-cutter *Corwin* seized several seal-hunting Canadian schooners in the Behring Sea. American sealers had been seized previously. But when the British vessels and their contents were confiscated, the officers sentenced to fine and imprisonment, and the crews left to find their way home as they could, complaints were promptly made to the British government, and early in October that government protested against the seizures. The Canadian vessels were released, but no compensation has been made to the owners, officers, or crews, and no proper explanation offered to the British government. In acknowledging the British protest, Secretary BAYARD stated that upon receipt of authentic information from the Alaskan courts he would consider the matter. But notwithstanding the lapse of time and the frequent solicitations of the British Foreign Office, the United States have as yet neither claimed sovereignty over the Behring Sea nor disapproved the seizures. A circular from the Treasury Department to the Collector of Customs at San Francisco answers his inquiry as to the proper interpretation of the phrases "waters thereof" and "adjacent waters" by quoting the terms of the treaty, but expressing no opinion, and leaving the question open.

It is a serious mistake to assert that the United States claim a supremacy which with that of Russia closes the Pacific entrance of the Arctic Ocean. It is hardly to be supposed that upon any ground as yet known such a claim will be asserted. When it is, however, the reasons alleged can be considered. Meanwhile the rumors of the despatch of a British fleet to protect British sealers in Behring waters, and the suggestion of imminent hostilities between the countries, are wholly premature. The British Under Foreign Secretary denies explicitly that a fleet has been sent. There is no desire whatever among intelligent Americans to blow every little spark of misunderstanding into a grave international difficulty, and it would be a serious reproach upon the good sense of both countries if a difference of this kind could not be peacefully adjusted.

THE GREAT CALAMITY.

THE unprecedented calamity in the valley of the Conemaugh, in Pennsylvania, has for many days superseded in the attention of the country every other topic. A more appalling catastrophe is not recorded. The statement concerning it, in the appeal of the Governor of Pennsylvania to the people of the United States, is temperate and restrained, but none the less impressive:

"The valley of the Conemaugh, which is peculiar, has been swept from one end to the other as with the besom of destruction. It contained a population of forty thousand to fifty thousand people, living for the most part along the banks of a small river confined within narrow limits. The most conservative estimates place the loss of life at five thousand human beings, and of property at twenty-five millions. Whole towns have been utterly destroyed. Not a vestige remains. In the more substantial towns the better buildings, to a certain extent, remain, but in a damaged condition. Those who are least able to bear it have suffered the loss of everything."

The story is as simple as it is sorrowful. It has been told in every awful and heroic detail, and is now familiar in every household. If experience did not prove the probability of the situation, it would be incredible that great communities could live quietly in the immediate presence of an inconceivable possible disaster which yet could be readily averted, and take no steps to secure the common safety. But familiarity with such possibility seems often to paralyze apprehension. The warning of Mill River and Williamsburg, in western Massachusetts, fifteen years ago, must have startled every town in the country which was similarly situated. But in this valley of the Alleghanies, where a more awful form of the same peril impended, it was apparently unheeded, until too late. Like the brave boy who rode for his life before the flood in the Mill River Valley, rousing every house and alarming the town, an unknown messenger passed through Johnstown crying, but crying in vain, that the terrible wave was at hand, which overwhelmed him in the midst of his sublime mission of rescue.

It is impossible that this event should not produce an effective determination that such disasters shall be rendered largely impossible hereafter. In the myriad mountain valleys of all the more thickly settled parts of the country the streams are dammed for manufacturing purposes, and towns and villages are strewn along their level shores. One is the type of all, and all are at the mercy of the accumulated waters. The storms of every season swell these reservoirs to the utmost, and there is never a year in which at times there are not thousands of dams, large and small, upon whose stability during the floods depends the safety of whole towns and villages. Since experience has proved that such care as has been hitherto taken is not sufficient to avert such a terrible deluge as that in the Conemaugh, the protection of the people should be assumed by themselves, and the ablest possible public supervision of such works should be established. Adequate and certain safeguards should be provided, to be available long before the danger-point is reached, and the supervising officers should be held to the strictest responsibility. It must be conceded that private interest under such circumstances is not an adequate guarantee of the public safety.

The munificent contributions of the country for the relief of the devastated valley are a signal illustration of the profound sympathy which the calamity has excited. It shows no less the noble generosity of the country. Since the destruction of Chicago there has been no such general feeling, and that was less appalling to the imagination than this, because of the unspeakable loss of life and the suddenness and completeness of the ruin in the present event. An American must always contemplate with pride the instinctive ability to manage such a situation which shows itself in the prompt organization of an effective administration in the midst of universal confusion. The orderly method with which every detail is soon controlled and the efficient use to which all aid is turned are the blessings of a community accustomed to govern itself. This organization in Chicago, and the immense work wisely accomplished by it, are among the most memorable facts of that calamity. But the final proof of a high civilization will be that an event so horrible as this in Pennsylvania shall never occur again. Its causes are perfectly comprehended; they are entirely avoidable; and a disaster of the same kind anywhere and in any degree, after this appalling warning, would be not only a calamity, but a disgrace.

THE BENEFICENT ROD.

THE Philadelphia *American*, in reply to some comments of HARPER'S WEEKLY, says that

"General HARRISON ... is passing through a critical stage, but we still hope that he may pass it successfully.... Mr. HARRISON may surmount the difficulties of the situation. He may lead his party upward and forward. He may see that it is not occasional and sporadic good works which are required, but a system which will leave little chance for any evil and scandalous outcome. He may shake off the spoils highwaymen who now pistol him with their 'demands.' He may determine that the straightforward observance of the declarations in the platforms of 1884 and 1888 and of his own letter of acceptance is the only open road through the difficulties and perils of the present situation. In such case, how can HARPER'S WEEKLY condemn him? How can any honest and patriotic journal condemn him? Whether other issues come up or not, he will compel the praise of fair-minded men on this point."

In such case, neither HARPER'S WEEKLY nor any other honest journal would condemn him. On the contrary, they would as promptly and cordially acknowledge the excellence of his conduct as they did in the reconstruction of the Civil Service Commission. There are, undoubtedly, as the *American* says, journals which mean nothing else than opposition to Mr. HARRISON'S administration. These are the regular Democratic organs, as four years ago the regular Republican organs meant nothing else than opposition to Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, and sedulously pursued that intent to the end. More constant and complete misrepresentation no administration ever received from its party opponents; and the uniform support and commendation of Mr. HARRISON by such organs are as unmeaning and unimportant as their abuse of Mr. CLEVELAND.

There are very few Republican journals which treat the present administration with the independence and candor of the *American*, which does not obsequiously praise every act of the Executive, or belittle its shortcomings, nor, on the other hand, merely captiously complain. In reply to our suggestion, however, that the *American* spoke as if it meant ultimately to commend the President, whatever his course might be, it says: "We do not determine now to 'condemn him in the end,' because, if his administration shall deserve praise, we shall be prompt and glad to give it." This is the purpose, undoubtedly, of every self-respecting journal. The intention to condemn him in the end, whatever his course may be, is simply the stupidity of partisanship. But the determination to extenuate every violation of executive pledges, and to praise the President under all circumstances "in the end," is equally stupid. Moreover, the fact that President HARRISON may pass through the present stage of his administration successfully—that is to say, the stage of absolute disregard of rules laid down by himself and the stage of nepotism—is not a reason for silence or for suspension of condemnation. A child who is caught telling lies is not spared because at some time hereafter he may tell the truth. Ichabod Crane applied the birch to help the stumbling pupils over the tall words. To make better Executive action probable hereafter, the *American* is properly applying the rod now.

There can be no honest pretence that the President is carrying out the pledges of the platform, or enforcing his own rules; and the party organs prove nothing and gain nothing by comparing his course, in regard to the civil service, with Mr. CLEVELAND'S. The conduct of a party organ is determined by the spirit of Dr. JOHNSON'S remark that the first Whig was the Devil, and of Lord MELBOURNE'S, that a supporter was one who would support him when he was wrong. Those who are not supporters of the President in that sense judge him by the conformity of his conduct to the principles which ought to govern any President. This rule of judgment has been largely overlooked in the discussion of President HARRISON'S course, and it has never been more clearly and admirably stated than by Mr. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE in his recent address as President of the Maryland Civil Service Reform Association:

"Among honest men there can be no difference of opinion as to what he ought to do: no one would for a moment question that the superintendent of a store or a factory or a railroad is bound to choose his subordinates solely with a view to their fitness for their allotted tasks, and that if he were to choose them because they shared his opinions as to matters having nothing to do with their work, or because they had done or might do him, or others, favors, he would be simply unfaithful and dishonest. Civil service reformers demand, and demand only, that this fundamental principle of good faith and fair dealing be observed by the nation's first officer in the nation's business; and it is not harsh criticism to say that during the past three months General HARRISON has already so failed to observe it that if he were the agent of any prudent private employer he would be removed from his place."

THE CLUBS AND THE COLOR QUESTION.

AT the late Congress of Working-men's Clubs at West New Brighton, Staten Island, Mr. JOHN DURHAM, president of the Progressive Working-men's Club in Philadelphia, read a paper upon "The Clubs and the Color Question." Mr. DURHAM is a colored man, a protectionist, and, we presume, a Republican. His paper is candid and temperate, and its main proposition is undeniable, that "the colored workman who has earned his title to American citizenship by sweat and blood should enjoy the same opportunities to learn and to rise in every department of work as are so freely extended to unskilled foreigners." Mr. DURHAM says that the colored man has been the American janitor, waiter, and barber, but that foreign immigrants are pushing him into higher departments of labor. Consequently he turns to the learned professions, and many a half-educated man who would have been an excellent blacksmith or carpenter or commercial drummer "is now failing most successfully in the pulpit," and as a half-made doctor or lawyer. What he really needs is freedom of entry into industrial and commercial competition. "Give him a chance. If then he should not succeed,

dub him, as 'Bob' TOOMBS did, 'the scrub race,' but not till then."

Mr. DURHAM appeals to white employers and employed to stifle the protests of prejudice. Let the workman declare his readiness to work side by side with the clean, honest, and capable colored man; the employer give his colored porter or messenger the same chance as the white apprentice or cash boy to learn the business and to rise; and the charitable giver of money to promote negro education or Christianity also give money in salaries to a capable colored book-keeper or salesman. He exhorts the Northern man to hesitate in his denunciation of Southern political intimidation while he considers our own Northern system of industrial caste. Mr. DURHAM'S statement is clear, and his appeal is strong. He sees plainly the difficulty. It is prejudice; prejudice calling itself instinctive and natural, and wheedling itself by what it calls the design of God and the welfare of society and the necessity of the case, but none the less prejudice. It is, however, one of the most subtle and invincible forces in human society. The Jewish race is a monument of its persistence and power. It is not amenable to reason. It does not argue. Constitutions and statutes cannot deal with it. Legal inequalities may be removed from its victims, but its social spell remains, and affects every relation which law cannot reach.

Here, for instance, is one of the foremost, most intelligent, and prosperous nations in the world, and for four years one of the bitterest civil wars in history raged among its white population because of the slavery in which the colored race was held. The contest ended in the emancipation, enfranchisement, and legal equality of that race. But how much of the race prejudice did those torrents of blood wash away? How much more likely is the bloody-shirt Republican of to-day to cultivate personal intimacy and social relations with his colored neighbor than the cotton Whig of forty years ago? In Republican drawing-rooms how many colored guests appear? In the Union League Club, which sent with acclamations a colored regiment to the war, how many colored members are enrolled? The Republican party cheers FREDERICK DOUGLASS in its conventions. How many Republican Secretaries and Senators invite him to their dinners? We are not uttering reproaches nor finding fault. We assert, before our censors, that these are questions of social relations, and beyond the law. What we are saying is simply that the prejudice of race has outlasted the fierce antislavery controversy, the fires of the war of emancipation, and the constitutional guarantees of equality. It is as strong, although very different, in the feelings of those who offered their lives for the freedom of the slave as in those who mobbed abolitionists and murdered LOVEJOY. This is the explanation of the situation which Mr. DURHAM deplores, and against which he protests. It is this which prevents the free association in labor and employment of every kind for which he pleads. He asks "only a square start and a fair field," and every man who has at heart the love of fair play will acknowledge the reason and justice of his demand, even if he be unable to show him precisely how the conditions are to be secured.

THE YACHT RACE.

AFTER due diplomatic correspondence it is understood that the race between the *Valkyrie* and an American yacht will take place, and the pleasant rivalry of two and three years ago will be renewed. The recent performances of the English craft have not been uniform triumphs, but nothing is more uncertain than an aquatic contest between vessels of about the same general speed, and this fact, together with the feeling that "luck will turn," will invest the match with the usual interest.

The choice of a competitor with the English yacht, and the details of the time and course, etc., are yet to be arranged, nor, indeed, as we write, is the affair conclusively settled. But there seems to be no reasonable doubt. The country of the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, and the *Volunteer* naturally anticipates success. But the contestants of our yachtsmen are of their own blood and spirit. American superiority will not be conceded, but must be constantly demonstrated. The audacity which challenged and disproved the claim of Britannia to rule the waves will be challenged in turn by a resolution which it has inspired and instructed, until at last it may appear that America has shown her rival how to equal her.

This is the aspect of the race which is universally interesting. It is a contest of skill in naval construction and in navigation between the two great maritime nations. It has the air of a pleasure bout, but it is essentially a friendly trial of real forces. Each says to the other, Gentlemen, fire first, but each means to win.

A WISE DECISION.

IT is stated, and apparently with reason, that the President has decided that public officers who are appointed for a term of four years shall serve out their terms, unless they are shown to be dishonest or incompetent. If this report be true, the decision is in itself a decided act of reform, upon which the President and the country are to be heartily congratulated. If it be true, no good reason occurs to us why it should not be authoritatively announced, for such an announcement would be received with great satisfaction by all except professional politicians. The great body of the people are not office-seekers, and they desire only an honest and efficient public service.

The term of four years was not adopted as a measure of reform, but on the contrary, under the plea of facilitating the settlements of certain accounting officers, it enabled removals to be made without the odium of arbitrary dismissal. As we have mentioned heretofore, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, then Secretary of State, records that President MONROE did not understand the scope of the law when he approved it, and both he and his successor, Mr. ADAMS himself, reappointed worthy officers as their terms expired. This is but reasonable, for no good reason can be urged why the country should lose the services of competent officers who are peculiarly qualified for their duties by experience.

But the practice of not removing such officers until the end of their terms is, in the present situation, a distinct gain for reform, because it proves that a clean sweep with every party change of administration does not increase the efficiency of the public service. It accustoms the country to the spectacle, which has not been seen since the early days of the government, of public officers serving effectively and satisfactorily under Executives of different political views. This will naturally stimulate the inquiry, what good reason exists for a change on political grounds at the end of the term which did not exist during its continuance? Mr. PEARSON was a Republican, but he was universally known to be as good a postmaster under a Democratic as under a Republican administration. The benefit of the course which it is now reported that the President intends to pursue is that it will make good public reasons for removal more imperative. Meanwhile the President may well ask whether the same rule might not apply to fourth-class as well as to other postmasters and public officers.

THE COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, to whose excellent article in the *Forum* upon corrupt political methods we have already alluded, states the common-sense view of the public service. He is a Republican leader who holds to the Republican platform.

"Nobody in a republic is or should be in favor of an office-holding class; but as the great bulk of the small administrative employments are those involving no policy of government, and merely call for the exercise of particular and strictly defined business work, it is difficult to suggest upon what ground they should be treated differently from other business employments in the country, in respect to which the question of the political opinions of those employed is almost never heard of. It would be an astonishing spectacle, and one everybody would contemn, if at every change of directors in a great railroad or manufacturing corporation all the station agents, engineers, line-men, and operators should be dismissed in order to make places for successors whose political or other opinions were supposed to be like those of the new board of directors. The business of the government is of common interest to every one of its citizens, and to be successful must be conducted upon the same principles and by the same general methods that are found to be wise and adequate in private affairs; and in these the man would be thought demented who should maintain that the views of the station agents or engineers or factory workmen on the subject of protection, or woman suffrage, or any other of the questions of public consideration, make them any more or less fitted for or entitled to employment."

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION AND THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE report of the Civil Service Commission upon the results of their investigation in the New York Custom-house was prompt and decisive. It was a unanimous report, with the exception that Mr. THOMPSON did not think that the evidence established the guilt of Mr. DAVIS, the secretary of the Examining Board. But there was no difference of opinion in regard to the laxity and indifference of the majority of the board, nor on the recommendation of the removal of two employés of the customs and the prosecution of one.

The recommendation that only honest friends of reform be placed upon such boards is the dictate of sound principle, and the proposal of publicity of the eligible list we have already commended. The energy and vigor of the Commission in this matter are of the best augury. It is plain that they "mean business," and they can render no better service than to impress that fact upon the public employés. The law which provides for the examination of applicants to enter the public service is a statute of the United States, and penalties are provided for its violation. If every man in the service fully comprehended this fact, and was made by the punitive hand of law to respect it, the public benefit would be great.

THE JUNE "HARPER."

THE sympathy of authors and artists is traditional. It has a constant illustration in the Century Club of this city, which grew out of the Sketch Club, an association of men of literary and artistic tastes. Another fresh and delightful illustration of the same sympathy is the paper by HENRY JAMES in the June HARPER upon "Our Artists in Europe." Mr. MILLET, Mr. ABBEY, Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER, and Mr. CHARLES S. REINHART are sketched by Mr. JAMES with a felicity of insight and grace of touch which show in the most charming manner how an artist in letters can deal with brother artists in black and white. Both the sketcher and the sketched are so happily familiar to the readers of HARPER that the article has a peculiar value.

But the whole June number has been justly commended as a capital illustration of what a magazine like HARPER should be. It is almost invidious to mention especially one paper when all the papers might, for reasons of fitness, be especially commended, and if we again specify, and say that the article "The Negro on the Stage" admirably touches a new and peculiarly interesting subject, we say only what would be inferred from the name of the author, Mr. LAURENCE HUTTON, and what would be equally and justly inferred if we should mention every paper in detail.

The social sketches of Mr. DU MAURIER which appear from month to month so reproduce the society which THACKERAY immortalized by impaling that they would suggest a marvellous combination of THACKERAY illustrated by DU MAURIER if they were not substantially that. ABBEY'S illustrations, in this number, of PRAED'S bright and characteristic poem, "Quince," introduce us to the world of which the artist is master—that world in which Squire Hardcastle is host and HERRICK'S songs are sung. If the reader but open the Drawer, he will wish never to shut it; and if he stray into the Editor's Study, he will hope never to come out. We cannot say of the June number, *O si sic omnia*, because they are so.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES PARSONS, who has been for more than a quarter of a century the Art Superintendent of Messrs. HARPER'S publications, has, at his own desire, retired from the active duties of that office. While still retaining his connection with the house, his time will be at his own command. Thus there is secured for him the abundant leisure which has been well earned by his faithful and satisfactory service. The very mention of the position he has so long occupied will suggest the important character of that service; and it is not too much to say that no one else could have so fitly filled his place during this period, which will ever be held memorable for the remarkable progress in American draughtsmanship and wood-engraving. Himself one of the best of American water-colorists, he had that frank and ready sympathy with all artists which won for him their warm and steadfast friendship. All who were in any way associated with him loved him for his noble and guileless nature, and were inspired by his ever fresh and hopeful spirit; but to young artists he was, moreover, a helpful counsellor, and those who to-day stand in the foremost rank as black-and-white artists remember that it was his appreciation that first gave them encouragement, and his counsel that first guided their faltering steps in a new field. In his new field of activity he will be brought into still closer association with contemporary artists, at the same time that he will be able to more freely indulge his individual tastes and sympathies.

—Among the earliest and most enthusiastic lady photographers in this country is Miss ALICE M. LONGFELLOW, the daughter of the poet. She began using the camera more than a dozen years ago, and her collection of views contains many from the vicinity of Boston and along the coasts of Massachusetts and Maine.

—Among the graves decorated at Concord, New Hampshire, on the last Memorial Day was that of Ex-President FRANKLIN PIERCE, who was a brigadier-general during the Mexican war.

—The public library at Wakefield, New Hampshire, receives an annual gift of $50 worth of books from Ex-Mayor SETH LOW, of Brooklyn, who pays this tribute to his mother's birthplace.

—Ex-President WOOLSEY, of Yale College, who is now eighty-seven years old, is gradually growing weaker. He still rides out or takes short walks, leaning on the arm of his daughter, but his later trips are planned by him for the purpose of taking a last look at places which have been so familiar to him during his active life.

—Miss JENNIE CHAMBERLAIN, of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the fair young American celebrities upon whom the Prince of Wales has smiled, has been married in London to Captain LEILAND, of the British army, a man of wealth and good family. About a dozen years ago Miss CHAMBERLAIN'S grandfather had his fortune tied up in Minnesota State bonds, the interest on which had been defaulted. The Legislature decided to pay a certain amount of this interest, and when the news was telegraphed to the old gentleman he chartered a special engine and steamed to St. Paul, where he received the sum due him before other bondholders had arrived.

—Secretary BLAINE will take a long vacation during July and August, and probably spend it, with his family, at his house in Bar Harbor, Maine.

—Rev. ARTHUR PHELPS has just been graduated at the Yale Divinity School, after twenty-one consecutive years of study for the ministry, which included the academic courses at Brown and Yale universities.

—Ex-Secretary BAYARD is preparing to resume law practice in Wilmington, Delaware, where he will soon be joined by his son TOM, who will be graduated at Yale this summer.

—ROBERT BROWNING'S hair and the mustache and goatee he wears are white, but his health is of the best, and his spirits and enthusiasm almost boyish in their exuberance. He is extravagantly fond of society, and has an especial weakness for dinners.

—Mrs. CLEVELAND and Mrs. HARRISON are both expected to attend Commencement at Princeton College, the former as one of the patronesses of the Sophomore reception, and the latter as a guest of Mrs. President PATTON. Mrs. HARRISON will give the Seniors the ivy which they are to plant.

—Dr. JENNIE McCOWAN, of Davenport, Iowa, a practising physician, a member of various medical societies, and a practical friend to the working-girls of her city, has been elected President of the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences.

—Deacon CLEMENT DREW, the Boston marine artist, is dead, at the age of eighty-three. He was one of the original antislavery men, and prominent in philanthropic and religious work.

—The wife of Count TOLSTOÏ, the Russian novelist, is, like the wives of many literary men, the business member of the family firm. She has sole charge of the sale and distribution of her husband's books, and is his amanuensis, reviser, and translator. Besides all this, she superintends the bringing up and education of their thirteen children, and looks after all domestic matters.

—Miss JANE CORDEN, a daughter of the great political economist, is the first woman to be elected a county councillor in England. She is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snow-white. Her speaking is said to be without especial oratorical strength, but her gentle womanliness, genuineness, pleasant voice, picturesque and becoming gowns, and her generally attractive personality have combined to make her one of the most successful political advocates in England.

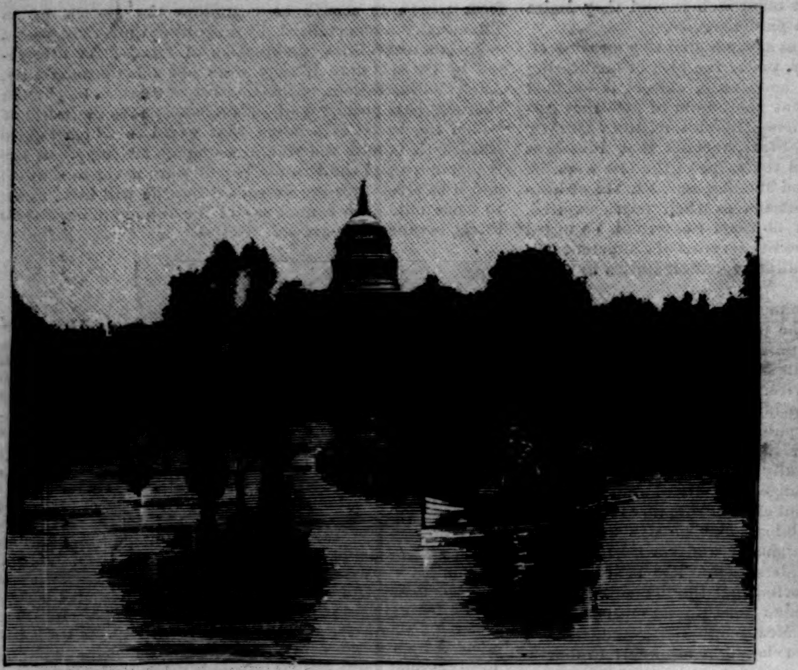
—SAMUEL and JOHN WISE, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, are believed to be the oldest pair of twins in the United States. They are eighty-one years old.

—AMASA SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, elder brother of the late Governor WILLIAM SPRAGUE, and once worth $10,000,000, is now a sheriff in that State at a salary of about $400 a year.

—Miss CARRIE J. BARTLETT, the first woman preacher in Dakota, has accepted a call from All-Souls Church at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to the Unitarian church at Kalamazoo, Michigan. She was educated in the West, taught school for several years, and did acceptable newspaper work before she entered the ministry.

—Justice and Mrs. LAMAR will go abroad for a short stay this summer.

—Belle Mead, Senator MCPHERSON'S farm of thirteen hundred acres in Somerset County, New Jersey, is one of the finest in the country, and is run on business principles, a substantial profit being returned each year. It contains ten thousand peach-trees, hundreds of fruit trees of other varieties, a game preserve, and domestic animals and fowls of every description. The chief pride of the farm is the herd of Jerseys and Holsteins, which are among the best in America, the queen of the Holsteins being De Bless, a cow valued at $5000.



SCENE BETWEEN MISSOURI AND MAINE AVENUES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EXTERIOR OF PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT ON SIXTH ST. AND PENNSYLVANIA AV.

THE FLOOD ON THE POTOMAC.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 483.]

GREAT FLOODS AND INUNDATIONS.

THE old Romans seem never to have suffered from any great inundation, although they built aqueducts and reservoirs about their towns, owing to the great strength of their works, which were built to last. In A.D. 353 an inundation of the sea in Cheshire, England, or Britain as it was then, laid much land under water, and 3000 persons and a large number of cattle are reported to have perished. Four hundred families were drowned in 758 at Glasgow, and in 836 the Tweed overflowed its banks and covered the country for a distance of thirty miles. Nearly two centuries later, in 1014, a number of seaport towns were swept away on the English coasts by the ocean. An enormous sand-bank on the coast of Kent, known now as the Goodwin Sands, was formed in 1100, when the sea overflowed more than 4000 acres of Earl Godwin's lands. Eight years afterward Flanders was treated to an immersion, and the town of Ostend and the harbor were completely covered. At Dort, in 1421, the sea broke in, and 72 villages were swept away, and 100,000 people drowned. The Severn rose above its banks for ten days in 1483, and men, women, and children were drowned in their beds. It is reported that the tops of many mountains were covered, and that the waters settling upon the lands thereabout were known for a hundred years as the Great Waters.

The dikes in Holland gave way in 1530, and a general flood resulted, in which 400,000 people perished. In Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, England, in 1607, the waters rose above the house-tops, and over 100 people were drowned. There is merely a brief record of an inundation in Catalonia in 1617, where 50,000 persons perished. In Yorkshire "a rock opened and poured out water to the height of a church steeple," is the record of a disaster which occurred in 1686. Zealand suffered in 1717, and 1300 persons were lost; and much damage was done at Hamburg. Several of the nobility of Spain lost their lives at Madrid in 1723; and in 1771 there is the account of a "dreadful inundation, called Ripon Flood," in Yorkshire, but no account of the deaths resulting from it is given. The mountain torrents in Navarre in 1787 swept away 2000 of the inhabitants; and in that year and in 1802 did the Liffey overflow and cause much damage at Dublin. A reservoir burst on the 14th of April, 1802, which swept away Lorca, a city of Murcia, in Spain, and covered the land for twenty leagues. A thousand lives were lost. By the overflow of the Danube at Pesth, near Presburg, in 1811, twenty-four villages and their inhabitants were destroyed. Hungary, Austria, and Poland suffered from great floods during the summer of 1813; and in September of that year a corps of Turkish soldiers, numbering 2000, while on a small island near Widdin, were surprised by an overflow of the Danube, and suffered instant demolition.

Six thousand inhabitants of Silesia also met their death in 1813; the ruin of the French army under Macdonald was hastened; and 4000 persons in Poland were drowned. In the fen countries, England, 5000 acres were laid under water in 1819. The Vistula broke through the dikes at Dantzic in 1829, and 10,000 head of cattle and 4000 houses were demolished, while many persons were drowned. Rainfall caused the "Moray Floods" in 1829, and the Spey and Findhorn rose fifty feet above their level in places, causing great destruction of life and property. Fifty thousand houses were inundated at Vienna in February, 1830. China suffered greatly in many places during 1833 from excessive rains; 10,000 houses and 1000 persons were swept away at Canton, and similar distress was experienced in other parts. Sheffield, England, was flooded by the breaking away of the Bradfield reservoir in 1864, and about 250 persons perished.

The Mill River Valley disaster, near Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 16th of May, 1874, was owing to the breaking of a dam. Several villages were swept away, and 144 persons drowned. One thousand lives were lost at Toulouse on the rising of the Garonne, and much property was destroyed, in June, 1875. Above six thousand houses were destroyed by the breaking of the dams of the River Theiss, at Szegedin, Hungary, and 77 lives lost, in 1879; and that same year a thousand lives were lost by inundations in the Spanish provinces of Andalusia, Alicante, Almeria, and Malaga, in October. Within a year thousands have been drowned in China by the overflow of the Yellow River, and the storm which wrecked the men-of-war at Samoa last March caused the death of hundreds in the South Pacific islands.

THE FLOOD AT HARRISBURG—FRONT STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—[See Page 483.]

AFTER THE FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN—MAIN STREET.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

IX.

"AH! hello! hello!" Fulkerson said, in recognition of the Marches. "Regular gathering of the clans. How are you, Mrs. Dryfoos? How do you do, Mrs. Mandel, Miss Christine, Mela, Aunt Hitty, and all the folks? How you wuz?" He shook hands gayly all round, and took a chair next the old lady, whose hand he kept in his own, and left Conrad to introduce Beaton. But he would not let the shadow of Beaton's solemnity fall upon the company. He began to joke with Mrs. Dryfoos, and to match rheumatisms with her, and he included all the ladies in the range of appropriate pleasantries. "I've brought Mr. Beaton along to-night, and I want you to make him feel at home, like you do me, Mrs. Dryfoos. He hasn't got any rheumatism to speak of; but his parents live in Syracuse, and he's a kind of an orphan, and we've just adopted him down at the office. When you going to bring the young ladies down there, Mrs. Mandel, for a champagne lunch? I *will* have some hydro-Mela, and Christine it, heigh? How's that for a little starter? We dropped in at your place a moment, Mrs. March, and gave the young folks a few pointers about their studies. My goodness! it does me good to see a boy like that of yours; business, from the word go; and your girl just scoops *my* youthful affections. She's a beauty, and I guess she's good too. Well, well, what a world it is! Miss Christine, won't you show Mr. Beaton that seal ring of yours? He knows about such things, and I brought him here to see it as much as anything. It's an intaglio I brought from the other side," he explained to Mrs. March, "and I guess you'll like to look at it. Tried to *give* it to the Dryfoos family, and when I couldn't, I sold it to 'em. Bound to see it on Miss Christine's hand somehow! Hold on! Let him see it where it belongs, first!"

He arrested the girl in the motion she made to take off the ring, and let her have the pleasure of showing her hand to the company with the ring on it. Then he left her to hear the painter's words about it, which he continued to deliver dissyllabically as he stood with her under a gas jet, twisting his elastic figure and bending his head over the ring.

"Well, Mely, child," Fulkerson went on, with an open travesty of her mother's habitual address, "and how are *you* getting along? Mrs. Mandel hold you up to the proprieties pretty strictly? Well, that's right. You know you'd be roaming all over the pasture if she didn't."

The girl gurgled out her pleasure in his funning, and everybody took him on his own ground of privileged character. He brought them all together in their friendliness for himself, and before the evening was over he had inspired Mrs. Mandel to have them served with coffee, and had made both the girls feel that they had figured brilliantly in society, and that two young men had been devoted to them.

"Oh, I think he's just as lovely as he can live!" said Mely, as she stood a moment with her sister on the scene of her triumph, where the others had left them after the departure of their guests.

"Who?" asked Christine, deeply. As she glanced down at her ring, her eyes burned with a softened fire. She had allowed Beaton to change it himself from the finger where she had worn it to the finger on which he said she ought to wear it. She did not know whether it was right to let him, but she was glad she had done it.

"Who? Mr. Fulkerson, goosie-poosie! Not that old stuck-up Mr. Beaton of yours!"

"He *is* proud," assented Christine, with a throb of exultation.

Beaton and Fulkerson went to the elevated station with the Marches; but the painter said he was going to walk home, and Fulkerson let him go alone.

"One way is enough for me," he explained. "When I walk up, I don't walk down. By-by, my son!" He began talking about Beaton to the Marches as they climbed the station stairs together. "That fellow puzzles me. I don't know anybody that I have such a desire to kick, and at the same time that I want to flatter up, so much. Affect you that way?" he asked of March.

"Well, as far as the kicking goes, yes."

"And how is it with you, Mrs. March?"

"Oh, I want to flatter him up."

"No; really? Why?—Hold on! I've got the change."

Fulkerson pushed March away from the ticket office window, and made them his guests, with the inexorable American hospitality, for the ride down-town. "Three!" he said to the ticket-seller; and when he had walked them before him out on the platform and dropped his tickets into the urn, he persisted in his inquiry, "Why?"

"Why, because you always want to flatter conceited people, don't you?" Mrs. March answered, with a laugh.

"Do you? Yes, I guess you do. You think Beaton is conceited?"

"Well, *slightly*, Mr. Fulkerson."

"I guess you're partly right," said Fulkerson, with a sigh, so unaccountable in its connection that they all laughed.

"An ideal 'busted'?" March suggested.

"No, not that, exactly," said Fulkerson. "But I had a notion maybe Beaton wasn't conceited all the time."

"Oh!" Mrs. March exulted, "nobody could be so conceited all the time as Mr. Beaton is. He must have moments of the direst modesty, when he'd be quite flattery-proof."

"Yes, that's what I mean. I guess that's what makes me want to kick him. He's left compliments on my hands that no decent man would."

"Oh! that's tragical," said March.

"Mr. Fulkerson," Mrs. March began, with change of subject in her voice, "Who *is* Mrs. Mandel?"

"Who? What do you think of her?" he rejoined. "I'll tell you about her when we get in the cars. *Look* at that thing! Ain't it beautiful?"

They leaned over the track, and looked up at the next station, where the train, just starting, throbbed out the flame-shot steam into the white moonlight.

"The most beautiful thing in New York—the one always and certainly beautiful thing here," said March; and his wife sighed, "Yes, yes." She clung to him, and remained rapt by the sight till the train drew near, and then pulled him back in a panic.

"Well, there ain't really much to tell about her," Fulkerson resumed, when they were seated in the car. "She's an invention of mine."

"Of yours?" cried Mrs. March.

"Of course!" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes—at least in her present capacity. She sent me a story for the syndicate, back in July some time, along about the time I first met old Dryfoos here. It was a little too long for my purpose, and I thought I could explain better how I wanted it cut in a call than I could in a letter. She gave a Brooklyn address, and I went to see her. I found her," said Fulkerson, with a vague defiance, "a perfect lady. She was living with an aunt over there; and she had seen better days, when she was a girl, and worse ones afterward. I don't mean to say her husband was a bad fellow; I guess he was a pretty good; he was her music teacher; she met him in Germany, and they got married there, and got through her property before they came over here. Well, she didn't strike me like a person that could make much headway in literature. Her story was well enough, but it hadn't much sand in it; kind of—well, academic, you know. I told her so, and she understood, and cried a little; but she did the best she could with the thing, and I took it and syndicated it. She kind of stuck in my mind, and the first time I went to see the Dryfooses—they were stopping at a sort of family hotel then till they could find a house—" Fulkerson broke off altogether, and said, "I don't know as I know just how the Dryfooses struck you, Mrs. March?"

"Can't you imagine?" she answered, with a kindly smile.

"Yes; but I don't believe I could guess how they would have struck you last summer when I first saw them. My! oh my! *there* was the native earth for you. Mely is a pretty wild colt now, but you ought to have seen her before she was broken to harness. And Christine? Ever see that black leopard they got up there in the Central Park? That was Christine. Well, I saw what they wanted. They all saw it—nobody is a fool in all directions, and the Dryfooses are in their right senses a good deal of the time. Well, to cut a long story short, I got Mrs. Mandel to take 'em in hand—the old lady as well as the girls. She was a born lady, and always lived like one till she saw Mandel; and that something academic that killed her for a writer was just the very thing for them. She knows the world well enough to know just how much polish they can take on, and she don't try to put on a bit more. See?"

"Yes, I can see," said Mrs. March.

"Well, she took hold at once, as ready as a hospital-trained nurse; and there ain't anything readier on *this* planet. She runs the whole concern, socially and economically, takes all the care of house-keeping off the old lady's hands, and goes round with the girls. By-the-bye, I'm going to take my meals at your widow's, March, and Conrad's going to have his lunch there. I'm sick of browsing about."

"Mr. March's *widow?*" said his wife, looking at him with provisional severity.

"I *have* no widow, Isabel," he said, "and never expect to have, till I leave you in the enjoyment of my life-insurance. I suppose Fulkerson means the lady with the daughter, who wanted to take us to board."

"Oh yes. How are they getting on, I do wonder?" Mrs. March asked of Fulkerson.

"Well, they've got one family to board; but it's a small one. I guess they'll pull through. They didn't want to take any day boarders at first, the widow said; I guess they have had to come to it."

"Poor things!" sighed Mrs. March. "I hope they'll go back to the country."

"Well, I don't know. When you've once tasted New York— You wouldn't go back to Boston, would you?"

"Instantly."

Fulkerson laughed out a tolerant incredulity.

X.

Beaton lit his pipe when he found himself in his room, and sat down before the dull fire in his grate to think. It struck him there was a dull fire in his heart a great deal like it, and he worked out a fanciful analogy with the coals, still alive, and the ashes creeping over them, and the dead clay and cinders. He felt sick of himself, sick of his life and of all his works. He was angry with Fulkerson for having got him into that art department of his, for having bought him up; and he was bitter at fate because he had been obliged to use the money to pay some pressing debts, and had not been able to return the check his father had sent him. He pitied his poor old father; he ached with compassion for him; and he set his teeth and snarled with contempt through them for his own baseness. This was the kind of world it was; but he washed his hands of it. The fault was in human nature, and he reflected with pride that he had at least not invented human nature; he had not sunk so low as that yet. The notion amused him; he thought he might get a Satanic epigram out of it some way. But in the mean time that girl, that wild animal, she kept visibly, tangibly before him; if he put out his hand he might touch hers, he might pass his arm round her waist. In Paris, in a set he knew there, what an effect she would be with that look of hers, and that beauty, all out of drawing! They would recognize the flame quality in her. He imagined a joke about her being a fiery spirit, or nymph, naiad, whatever, from one of her native gas wells. He began to sketch on a bit of paper from the table at his elbow vague lines that veiled and revealed a level, dismal landscape, and a vast flame against an empty sky, and a shape out of the flame that took on a likeness, and floated detached from it. The sketch ran up the left side of the sheet and stretched across it. Beaton laughed out. Pretty good to let Fulkerson have that for the cover of his first number! In black and red it would be effective; it would catch the eye from the news stands. He made a motion to throw it on the fire, but held it back, and slid it into the table drawer, and smoked on. He saw the dummy with the other sketch in the open drawer, which he had brought away from Fulkerson's in the morning and slipped in there, and he took it out and looked at it. He made some criticisms in line with his pencil on it, correcting the drawing here and there, and then he respected it a little more, though he still smiled at the feminine quality—a young lady quality.

In spite of his experience the night he called upon the Leightons, Beaton could not believe that Alma no longer cared for him. She played at having forgotten him admirably, but he knew that a few months before she had been very mindful of him. He knew he had neglected them since they came to New York, where he had led them to expect interest, if not attention; but he was used to neglecting people, and he was somewhat less used to being punished for it—punished and forgiven. He owned to himself that Alma had punished him very neatly, and so thoroughly that she ought to have been satisfied with her work and to have forgiven him in her heart afterward. He bore no resentment after the first tingling moments were past; he rather admired her for it; and he would have been ready to go back half an hour later, and accept pardon, and be on the footing of last summer again. Even now he debated with himself whether it was too late to call; but decidedly a quarter to ten seemed late. The next day he determined never to call upon the Leightons again; but he had no reason for this; it merely came into a transitory scheme of conduct, of retirement from the society of women altogether; and after dinner he went round to see them.

He asked for the ladies, and they all three received him, Alma not without a surprise that intimated itself to him and her mother with no appreciable relenting; Miss Woodburn, with the needle-work which she found easier to be voluble over than a book, expressed in her welcome a neutrality both cordial to Beaton and loyal to Alma.

"Is it snowing out-do's?" she asked, briskly, after the greetings were transacted. "Mah goodness!" she said, in answer to his apparent surprise at the question. "Ah mahght as well have staid in the Soath, for all the winter Ah have seen in New York yet."

"We don't often have snow much before New-Year's," said Beaton.

"Miss Woodburn is wild for a real Northern winter," Mrs. Leighton explained.

"The othah naght Ah woke up and looked oat of the window and saw all the roofs covered with snow, and it turned oat to be nothing but moonlaght. I was never so disappointed in mah lahfe," said Miss Woodburn.

"If you'll come to St. Barnaby next summer, you shall have all the winter you want," said Alma.

"I can't let you slander St. Barnaby in that way," said Beaton, with the air of wishing to be understood as meaning more than he said.

"Yes?" returned Alma, coolly. "I didn't know you were so fond of the climate."

"I never think of it as a climate. It's a landscape. It doesn't matter whether it's hot or cold."

"With the thermometer twenty below, you'd find that it mattered," Alma persisted.

"You don't mean it goes doan to that in the summah?" Miss Woodburn interposed.

"Well, not before the Fourth of the July after," Alma admitted.

"Is that the way you feel about St. Barnaby too, Mrs. Leighton?" Beaton asked, with affected desolation.

"I shall be glad enough to go back in the summer," Mrs. Leighton conceded.

"And I should be glad to go now," said Beaton, looking at Alma. He had the dummy of *Every Other Week* in his hand, and he saw Alma's eyes wandering toward it whenever he glanced at her. "I should be glad to go anywhere to get out of a job I've undertaken," he continued, to Mrs. Leighton. "They're going to start some sort of a new illustrated magazine, and they've got me in for their art department. I'm not fit for it; I'd like to run away. Don't you want to advise me a little, Mrs. Leighton? You know how much I value your taste, and I'd like to have you look at the design for the cover of the first number: they're going to have a different one for every number. I don't know whether you'll agree with me, but I think this is rather nice."

He faced the dummy round, and then laid it on the table before Mrs. Leighton, pushing some of her work aside to make room for it, and standing over her while she bent forward to look at it.

Alma kept her place, away from the table.

"Mah goodness! Ho' exciting!" said Miss Woodburn. "May anybody look?"

"Everybody," said Beaton.

"Well, isn't it perfectly chorming!" Miss Woodburn exclaimed. "Come and look at this, Miss Leighton," she called to Alma, who reluctantly approached.

"What lines are these?" Mrs. Leighton asked, pointing to Beaton's pencil scratches.

"They're suggestions of modification," he replied.

"I don't think they improve it much. What do you think, Alma?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl, constraining her voice to an effect of indifference, and glancing carelessly down at the sketch. "The design might be improved; but I don't think those suggestions would do it."

"They're mine," said Beaton, fixing his eyes upon her with a beautiful sad dreaminess that he knew he could put into them; he spoke with a dreamy remoteness of tone: his wind-harp stop, Wetmore called it.

"I supposed so," said Alma, calmly.

"Oh, mah goodness!" cried Miss Woodburn. "Is that the way you awtusts talk to each othah? Well, Ah'm glad Ah'm not an awtust—unless I could do all the talking."

"Artists cannot tell a fib," Alma said, "or even act one," and she laughed in Beaton's upturned face.

He did not unbend his dreamy gaze. "You're quite right. The suggestions are stupid."

Alma turned to Miss Woodburn: "You hear? Even when we speak of our own work."

"Ah nevah hoad anything lahke it!"

"And the design itself?" Beaton persisted.

"Oh, I'm not an art editor," Alma answered, with a laugh of exultant evasion.

A tall, dark, grave-looking man of fifty, with a swarthy face, and iron-gray mustache and imperial and goatee, entered the room. Beaton knew the type; he had been through Virginia sketching for one of the illustrated papers, and he had seen such men in Richmond. Miss Woodburn hardly needed to say, "May Ah introduce you to mah fathaw, Co'nel Woodburn, Mr. Beaton?"

The men shook hands, and Colonel Woodburn said, in that soft, gentle, slow Southern voice without our Northern contractions: "I am very glad to meet you, sir; happy to make yo' acquaintance. Do not move, madam," he said to Mrs. Leighton, who made a deprecatory motion to let him pass to the chair beyond her; "I can find my way." He bowed a bulk that did not lend itself readily to the devotion, and picked up the ball of yarn she had let drop out of her lap in half rising. "Yo' worsteds, madam."

"Yarn, yarn, Colonel Woodburn!" Alma shouted. "You're quite incorrigible. A spade is a spade!"

"But sometimes it is a trump, my dear young lady," said the Colonel, with unabated gallantry; "and when yo' mothah uses yarn, it is worsteds. But I respect worsteds even under the name of yarn: our ladies—my own mothah and sistahs—had to knit the socks we wore—all we could get—in the woe."

"Yes, and aftah the woe," his daughter put in. "The knitting has not stopped yet in some places. Have you been much in the Soath, Mr. Beaton?"

Beaton explained just how much.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, "then you have seen a country making gigantic struggles to retrieve its losses, sir. The South is advancing with enormous strides, sir."

"Too fast for some of us to keep up," said Miss Woodburn, in an audible aside. "The pace in Charlottesboag is pofectly killing, and we had to drop oat into a slow place like New York."

"The progress in the South is material now," said the Colonel; "and those of us whose interests are in another direction find ourselves—isolated—isolated, sir. The intellectual centres are still in the No'th, sir; the great cities draw the mental activity of the country to them, sir. Necessarily New York is the metropolis."

"Oh, everything comes here," said Beaton, impatient of the elder's ponderosity. Another sort of man would have sympathized with the Southerner's willingness to talk of himself, and led him on to speak of his plans and ideals. But the sort of man that Beaton was could not do this; he put up the dummy into the wrapper he had let drop on the floor beside him, and tied it round with string while Colonel Woodburn was talking. He got to his feet with the words he spoke, and offered Mrs. Leighton his hand.

"Must you go?" she asked, in surprise.

"I am on my way to a reception," he said. She had noticed that he was in evening dress; and now she felt the vague hurt that people invited nowhere feel in the presence of those who are going somewhere. She did not feel it for herself, but for her daughter; and she knew Alma would not have let her feel it if she could have prevented it. But Alma had left the room for a moment, and she tacitly indulged this sense of injury in her behalf.

"Please say good-night to Miss Leighton for me," Beaton continued. He bowed to Miss Woodburn, "Good-night, Miss Woodburn," and to her father, bluntly, "Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," said the Colonel, with a sort of severe suavity.

"Oh, isn't he chorming!" Miss Woodburn whispered to Mrs. Leighton when Beaton left the room.

Alma spoke to him in the hall without. "You knew that was my design, Mr. Beaton. Why did you bring it?"

"Why?" He looked at her in gloomy hesitation. Then he said: "You know why. I wished to talk it over with you, to serve you, please you, get back your good opinion. But I've done neither the one nor the other; I've made a mess of the whole thing."

Alma interrupted him. "Has it been accepted?"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

"It will be accepted, if you will let it."

"Let it?" She laughed. "I shall be delighted." She saw him swayed a little toward her. "It's a matter of business, isn't it?"

"Purely. Good-night."

When Alma returned to the room, Colonel Woodburn was saying to Mrs. Leighton: "I do not contend that it is impossible, madam, but it is very difficult in a thoroughly commercialized society, like yours, to have the feelings of a gentleman. How can a business man, whose prosperity, whose earthly salvation, necessarily lies in the adversity of some one else, be delicate and chivalrous, or even honest? If we could have had time to perfect our system at the South, to eliminate what was evil and develop what was good in it, we should have had a perfect system. But the virus of commercialism was in us too; it forbade us to make the best of a divine institution, and tempted us to make the worst. Now the curse is on the whole country; the dollar is the measure of every value, the stamp of every success. What does not sell, is a failure; and what sells, succeeds."

"The hobby is oat, mah deahr," said Miss Woodburn, in an audible aside to Alma.

"Were you speaking of me, Colonel Woodburn?" Alma asked.

"Surely not, my dear young lady."

"But he's been saying that awtusts are just as greedy aboat money as anybody," said his daughter.

"The law of commercialism is on everything in a commercial society," the Colonel explained, softening the tone in which his convictions were presented. "The final reward of art is money, and not the pleasure of creating."

"Perhaps they would be willing to take it all out in that, if othah people would let them pay their bills in tha pleasure of creating," his daughter teased.

"They are helpless, like all the rest," said her father, with the same deference to her as to other women. "I do not blame them."

"Oh, mah goodness! Didn't you say, sir, that Mr. Beaton had bad manners?"

Alma relieved a confusion which he seemed to feel in reference to her. "Bad manners? He has no manners! That is, when he's himself. He has pretty good ones when he's somebody else."

Miss Woodburn began, "Oh, mah—" and then stopped herself. Alma's mother looked at her with distressful question, but the girl seemed perfectly cool and contented; and she gave her mind provisionally to a point suggested by Colonel Woodburn's talk.

"Still, I can't believe it was right to hold people in slavery, to whip them and sell them. It never did seem right to me," she added, in apology for her extreme sentiments to the gentleness of her adversary.

"I quite agree with you, madam," said the Colonel. "Those were the abuses of the institution. But if we had not been vitiated on the one hand and threatened on the other by the spirit of commercialism from the North—and from Europe too—those abuses could have been eliminated, and the institution developed in the direction of the mild patriarchalism of the divine intention." The Colonel hitched his chair, which figured a hobby careering upon its hind legs, a little toward Mrs. Leighton, and the girls approached their heads, and began to whisper; they fell deferentially silent when the Colonel paused in his argument, and went on again when he went on.

At last they heard Mrs. Leighton saying, "And have you heard from the publishers about your book yet?"

Then Miss Woodburn cut in, before her father could answer: "The coase of commercialism is on that too. They are trahing to fahnd oat whethah it will pay."

"And they are right—quite right," said the Colonel. "There is no longer any other criterion; and even a work that attacks the system must be submitted to the tests of the system."

"The system won't accept destruction on any othah tomes," said Miss Woodburn, demurely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BIG TROUBLE AT THE BAGDAD FREE-WILL CHURCH.

"WE-ALLS Babtiss, or we-alls ain't. Dat's my 'pinion. But ebber sincet we-alls wusshipped in de ole log cabin by de branch we's been called de Free-will Meetin'. Now we-alls might be Methodis', er Prisbeteern, er 'Piscopal, er dem tight hick'ry Baptiss, fer all we-alls said to de contrarywise; an' now dat we-alls has built de Lawd a shoo-'nuff house, it's my 'pinion dat we sh'd put ovah de do' de 'scription, in white lettahs, 'De Free-will Baptiss African Chu'ch.' Den, if any of de young folks gits toll'd off, dey won't have no scuses lef' to deir backs dat dey mistook de place. An' dem folks dat move to town, an' done potend dey can't find deir own meetin', 'll hab ter fly round an' done git up some new projeckin' ter 'count fer deir doin's." Uncle Cassius Culpepper wiped his head with a resplendent bandana, and after bestowing a benignant smile upon the people about him, sat down. Uncle Zebedee Fisher rose, with a flounce, at the other side of the meeting-house. A sore tooth, which had not been relieved by the efforts of a friend to pry it out with a chisel, tormented him. Moreover, he was secretly fretted that he had been obliged to defer to the superior judgment of Uncle Cassius in the matter of pulpit furnishings for the new meeting-house.

"It are *my* 'pinion," he began, with unnecessary heat, "dat dem letters orter be brack. An' if we-alls has ter p'intedly tell de whole worl' we's Babtiss, which I's jiss as ready ter do as anybody, de 'scription orter read, 'De African Free-will Baptiss Chu'ch.' Dat's de 'scription on de chu'ch at Atalanty, an' dat's de way it ott 'o be, if we-alls has it, or not at all."

Though a class of young men were coming up who had been sent to school, and had many other advantages denied their elders, Uncle Cassius Culpepper and Uncle Zebedee Fisher were the great men in the membership of the Free-will Church of Bagdad, which is a quarter of a pretty Southern city. Uncle Cassius had been the butler of Major Jack Culpepper, the principal man in the county. A quick-tempered bachelor, and an advocate of the theory that sparing the rod spoils the negro, the Major had ruled his people with an iron hand. But Uncle Cassius had from his earliest consciousness felt himself a Culpepper, and held himself accordingly. His manners were courtly, his instincts refined, and his speeches, at least by the old folks, were considered models of eloquence. He had prospered since freedom, and owned a little cabin among the pines on the Magnolia Road. But with the Culpepper name he had inherited some traditions, which had made it difficult for him to thrive as he might with less generous tendencies. Uncle Zebedee had been a sort of general utility man for a certain Nathan Fisher, whose antecedents were unknown, and who had begun life in Georgia as an overseer. From this employment he had become a cotton broker, and had acquired a narrow footing in society by marrying a cousin of a prominent family. But people called him "that man Fisher" behind his back, and though at his death he had given Uncle Zebedee ten acres of excellent land, a span of mules, and a wagon, making him the richest man of his race anywhere about, Uncle Zebedee, in the minds of the older generation, bore the same relation to Uncle Cassius that his old master had borne to the late Major. In financial matters Uncle Zebedee's opinion had the weight his property entitled him to, but in those matters which are decided by taste and a sense of what is fitting, Uncle Cassius was the final authority.

After a long struggle the Free-will Church had built themselves a new house of worship, and the day of its dedication had been full of unalloyed rejoicing. There had been many prayers and speeches and much fervid singing of the old hymns, and the people had come up to the altar again and again to give money, and then to give pledges, till only about one hundred and fifty dollars remained to be provided for. It was then, seeing no more could be done, that Uncle Cassius had offered his suggestion.

Every prominent man has his following, and the assembly was divided in sentiment in an instant. Uncle Zebedee had gone to the Atlanta Exposition, and had stopped at a hotel, as became a capitalist. His friends believed his travels and knowledge of the world should count for something. On the other hand, Uncle Cassius's friends sniffed audibly, as Uncle Zebedee could not read, whereas Uncle Cassius could read and write very well.

"De old folks cud see brack letters bettah," reasoned Cæsar Jones, in the hot debate that followed. "An' dey's mo' 'propriatin'. *We's* brack, an' dis *is* de Free-will African, not w'ite folks's meetin'."

"Laws a Moses! our brackness ain't nothin' I's so bery thankful fer," irritably put in Pompey Mitchell, who was a bright yellow color. "I don't see no use in a-stompin' on yerse'f."

Mr. Camp, the pastor, anxious to conciliate both parties, pleaded and cajoled and scolded by turns, until he restored quiet enough to announce that in two weeks there would be a picnic to celebrate the fourth day of July.

"I hopes an' prays an' trusts dat de 'rangements 'll meet you-all's disproval," he said, anxiously. "'Twon't be no mere stomic picnic, do dat 'll be well 'tended to, but yoo min's 'll be feasted. De fust t'ing 'll be pra'r. Po' doin's dem dat ain't begun wid a blessin'. Den Unc' Zebedee Fisher 'll lead us in some ole-fashioned hymns; mawster han' at dat, Unc' Zebedee is. Den Unc' Cassius 'll make a 'dress 'bout ole times, an' his 'pinion 'bout new times. Yoo all knows what Unc' Cassius am on a speech. Den I's gwine ter read de Constitertusion ob de United States—dat great dockymint you-alls hab heard sich a mons'ous heap 'bout fum de quality. De 'casion 'll be closed up by de young folks singin' sich chunes as dey picks out. Dose dat 'prove dis 'rangement 'll please rise whar dey's settin'."

The programme was unanimously approved, but as the people dispersed, the question at issue between the two uncles was rancorously debated, and many petty quarrels were started that death alone put an end to.

Uncle Zebedee voiced his feelings without restraint, but Uncle Cassius went homeward meditative and calm, his thoughts intent upon his speech, which he was determined should settle the question of his superiority for some time to come. The next day he bought a ten-cent bottle of ink, a new pen, and six sheets of fool's-cap paper. But he wasted no time with these implements of literary achievement, for the daily wants must be supplied by daily labor. His dear old deaf sister Dinah needed a new shawl, and he needed a new alpaca coat for the picnic; moreover, what Mr. Camp had called the "stomic refreshments" must be well provided. So he made curious hieroglyphs upon his fool's-cap paper late at night and early in the morning, and spent the day seeking work at his usual post, the corner of the Exchange Hotel. His business was named by himself "haulin'." His tiny dray had two tiny wheels. Jackson Robinson, in return for a favor for which Uncle Cassius had refused to receive pay, had painted the shafts of the vehicle red, and upon one of them had printed in black the legend, "Limited." He had thought it a good joke, and had laughed much about it. But Uncle Cassius, to whom it never occurred to suspect mean motives, thought the name very proper, and was correspondingly grateful. Small as it was, the Limited could carry extraordinary loads for two bits, and as enterprise and faithfulness are in demand the world over, Uncle Cassius did the best business of any man of his calling in the city.

The 3d of July found Uncle Cassius proudly serene. His six sheets of foolscap were crowded with what he called "p'ints," and he had recited his speech several times "in a voice," as he termed elocutionary effects, to his sister, and the equally appreciative gum-trees behind his cabin. Uncle Zebedee and his friends were saying some unpleasant things, but he was conscious that he had something in store which would extinguish all opposition to his wishes in the Free-will communion for some time to come. With the ten dollars in the tin box now tucked in between the logs at the head of his bed he intended to begin the raising of the remainder of the church debt. The Free-will Meeting-house was not the house of God, he reasoned, so long as Jackson Robinson held a mortage on it.

"I'll *raise* dat debt!" shouted Uncle Cassius into his sister's dull ears. "De Free-will folkses 'll fin' out dat a man ob fambly are mo' 'count den a half-strainer, ef he do hab a plantation an' er span mules."

"Laws a Moses, but I'm glad ter see yer, Unc' Cass," said Pompey Mitchel, when, on the eventful morning, Uncle Cassius appeared at the corner of the Exchange. "I tole Sis' Holden dat I'd tell ye de fust t'ing, fer I 'low'd yoo' be glad ter know sompin' 'bout Marse Wanton Culpeppah;" and Pompey shifted his weight from his lame to his good leg. "She 'low'd w'en she seed dat light las' night she felt like she'd drap inter her tracks in er faint. She war allus turrible triflin', war Sis' Holden, ter my way ob t'inkin'. W'at's ther good ob faintin' w'en dere's sompin' ter fin' out?"

"Whar war de light?" cried Uncle Cassius, in much excitement; "an' whar am Marse Culpeppah?"

"De light war up in de Gin'al's ole room at de ole place," said Pompey, prolonging the pleasure of telling his news as long as possible. "An' Sis' Holden she said she felt like she hadn't a bone in her twell she seed de doctah a-comin' out'n de do'; an' no wondah, for de moon war jiss arisin' ober de tops ob de willers in de holler, an' a squinch-owil war a-cryin'—"

"Am Marse Wanton up to de ole place?" broke in Uncle Cassius, abruptly.

"Fer a fact," admitted Pompey. "Praise glory de ole Major couldn't tek de homestead to der kentry whar he went, an' dat blessed feller hab come back to his own! But dey do say he's mighty bad wid some kin' of fevah, an' dey 'low he's mighty po', an' dere ain't no one ter do a lick fo' 'im but ole Laviny."

"My King!" exclaimed Uncle Cassius; and a shadow floated between him and the brightness of the day. He saw himself a barefooted little boy riding a long stick beside Marse Wanton, who bestrode the same sort of a steed, and both were going at a fast gallop down the red sand road that wound in and out among the majestic oaks that stood between Oakhurst and the highway, a mile distant. Never had a little slave a more imperious or more generous playmate. If "young marse" insisted upon instant obedience to his orders, he never allowed the punishment of any mischief to fall upon his ally, but took it himself without a whimper. It was he who taught Cassius to read and write, and when discovered and flogged by his older half-brother, the Major, he shut his little white teeth together, and when it was over gave Cassius one of his prettiest books, Æsop's Fables illustrated. Ah, what a sad time it was when, after the old General's funeral, young marse had gone to live with his mother's people, and the wide acres of Oakhurst fell under the sway of Major Jack! Uncle Cassius forgot for a moment that he was a free man, the owner of a cabin, a—"double pen" at that—of the Limited, and of Neezer, who, if not everything to be desired in looks, had good blood in him, and could go surprisingly well for a horse of his years.

"It are mighty bad t'ing ter be ailin' an' po' an' 'lone," went on Pompey. "An' dey do say Marse Wanton fit wid de Fed'rals."

Uncle Cassius's long sensitive upper lip closed firmly over his dazzling teeth, and he shut his eyes. The one thing he was afraid of was illness. "Did Sis' Holden say 'twar a cotchin' sickness?" he asked.

"She 'lowed 'twas so," said Pompey, industriously turning the crank of his pea-nut roaster.

All the morrow's possible triumphs passed before Uncle Cassius's mental vision as a panorama. Then came a verse of the chapter he had read that morning—"I was sick, and ye visited me." In the most intimate fibre of his being he felt that he would be present at that final reckoning, when the heavens shall depart as a scroll, and the quick and the dead shall be marshalled before the Lord. His hesitation lasted scarcely a moment. Neezer received a sharp twitch, which he knew meant "go," and in no long time the cabin latch string was drawn in, and Dinah, with the big basket which was to have gone to the picnic, was in the Limited, and on her way to Oakhurst.

"We b'long to de fambly, sah," explained Uncle Cassius to the doctor, who was new to the region. "I war raised with Marse Wanton, an' we 'lowed 'twa'n't no time fo' ole Laviny ter be nussin'. She ain't above tu'nin' to er witch an' riding' dat sick man to witch meetin'." Uncle Cassius spoke in a whisper, having no desire to excite the wrath of so powerful a person as Laviny. "Bein' Culpeppahs ourselves, we 'lowed we couldn't noways hab her 'round."

It was a hard fight with Death, and there would have been no question of his victory had not Uncle Cassius appeared just when he did. But when the crisis was over, and the last of the Culpeppers began the difficult climb back to strength, the perplexities of his nurse increased with every day. "Wine and nourishing food are all he needs," said the doctor; and then, as Uncle Cassius was silent, he went his way, as a man Northern born is wont to. Men born among snows are sympathetic, but they are slow to show it. Cobwebs alone occupied the Culpepper cellars, and not a chicken scratched about the rotting stables, or in the riotous waste where once was "my lady's rose garden." The ten silver dollars which were to have headed the subscription to wipe out the debt on the Free-will Church were soon gone, and one morning there was a journey made to the city, during which, all the way under the majestic pines, and past the three-mile branch, Uncle Cassius thanked the Lord that he possessed the Limited and Neezer to exchange for delicacies for his old friend. But there came a day when Uncle Cassius could not go on with his labor of love. He dozed in his chair, and replied to all questions addressed to him by unintelligible mutterings. "He can't live," said the doctor, who, being young, formed an opinion early. "The trouble is all in his head."

"Cass, dear old fellow, pay attention, if you can," begged Wanton Culpepper one breathless August morning. "God bless you! I know what you have done for me, and I am not a poor man. Dinah shall have a good home, and Neezer shall live on the fat of the land. Is there anything else?"

Uncle Cassius slowly opened his tired eyes. "Dat debt on de Free-will," he murmured.

"I'll pay it to-day," said Culpepper.

"Not till dat Unc' Zeb gib in 'bout 'scription," interposed Uncle Cassius, with a gasp.

Doctors are sometimes mistaken, and when the corn and tobacco crops were quite laid by, Uncle Cassius, bald as a baby, and very feeble, crept into the meeting-house. No one was willing that he should sit in his accustomed place. Mr. Camp himself assisted him to a rocking-chair near the pulpit, brought in from the cabin of Pompey Mitchell for the purpose. When the sermon was over, leaning heavily upon his cane, Uncle Cassius drew himself up, and said, quite in his old voice, "Bredderin, I'd like fer ter make a few remarks."

"It doos us proud to hear yoo," said Mr. Camp; and cries of, "Go on, brudder!" came from all sides.

"Yoo all knows I's been in de valley ob de shadder," the old man continued, gravely. "Yas, my feet hab been down to de ribber; but de Lawd seen I was noways ready, an' sez He, jess afore I plomp in, 'Tu'n back, Cassius!'"

There was a breath of silence, which Mrs. Camp broke by crying, "Praise de Lawd!"

"An' whiles I was a-gittin' my strength," went on Uncle Cassius, "I dess nachelly was set studyin' w'at for de Lawd done said ter me, 'Tu'n back!' An' I study, an' I study, an' I foun' out. W'y, bredderin an' sisterin, I was dat sot in my own will dat I war 'termined ter jine de Hick'ry Baptisses 'fore I'd gib in ter Br'er Unc' Zeb; w'en all de time I know'd, as you all knows, dat brack lettahs show off bettah, jess 's he say, an' w'at dey has down t' Atlanty nachelly is."

Uncle Zebedee, who had come forward now, laid a trembling hand upon the invalid's arm. "Doan' ye say nudder wud," he said, with much excitement. "I's gwine to der coss myself ob dat 'scription in w'ite chaney paint, an' it's gwine ter be, Free-will Baptiss African. Dess dat away, an' no oder."

Sister Camp, who had suffered much in her mind because of the difference between these two good men, broke into the exultant strains of, "I'm goin' up the hill of Zion." The Big Trouble was over.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

BULLS AND BEARS.

THE farmer with the banker ranks;
He's not afraid of "bulls and bears";
He manages substantial banks,
In which he holds "advancing" shares.
Tender his lambs, fit for the slaughter;
"Lively" the stock he has to water.

His banks are banks of loam and clay,
His shares are plough-shares in the mould.
Nature he trusts, and gets his pay
In dividends of green and gold.
His "margins" are in fields grown over
With crops, and he can "live in clover."

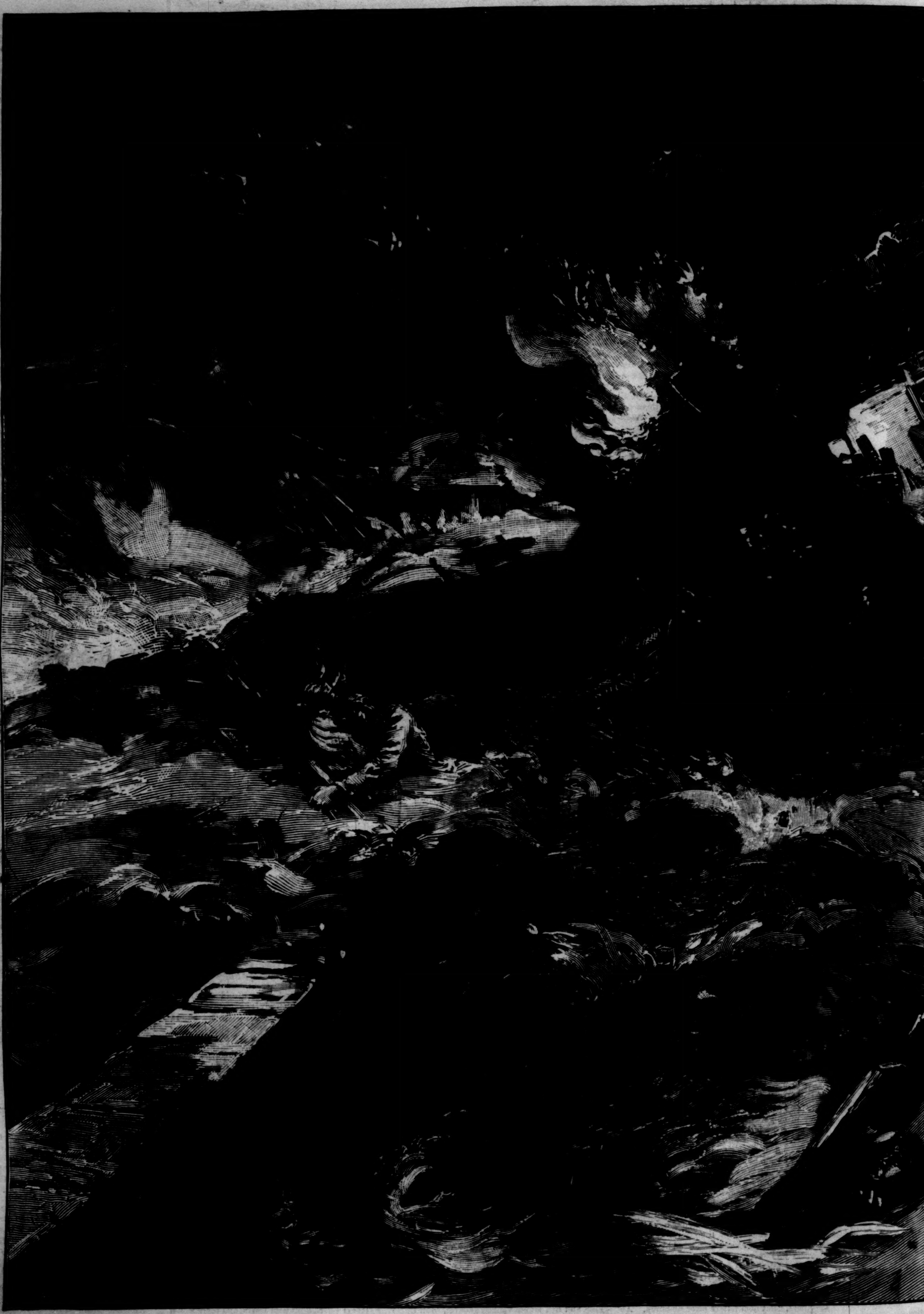
His stock if "down" is sure to "rise"
When he "calls" "white face," "spot," and
"roan";
And he is "cute" and worldly wise
When speculators ask a loan.
He prospers well at money-making
E'en when his richest banks are breaking.

The farmer with his "spanking" team,
"Lightfoot" and "Swift," can sweep the plain.
His "splendid sorrel" and his "cream"
Will "take no dust," with might and mane;
They speed in triumph fast and faster,
Uphill and down without disaster.

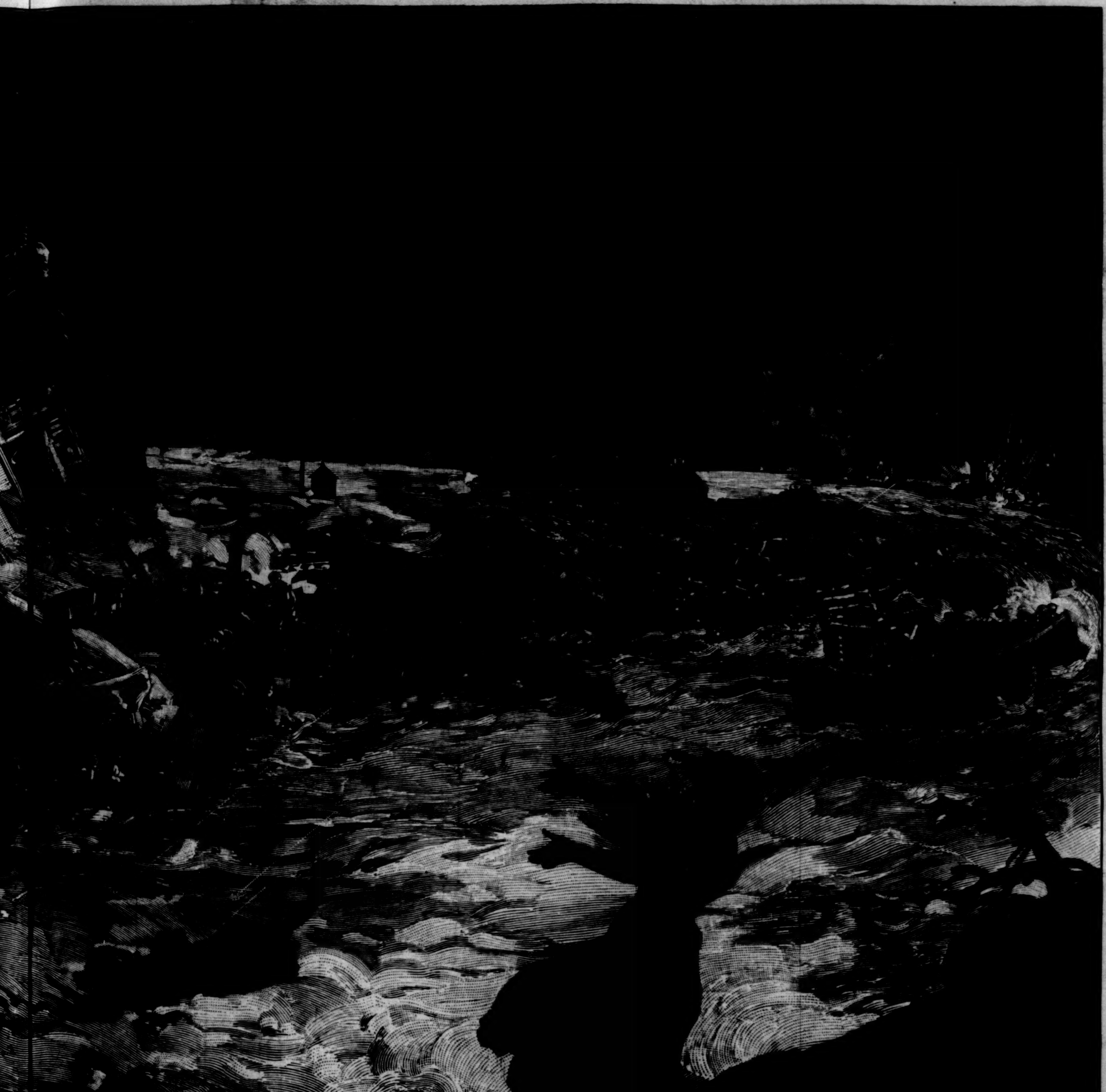
His face is bronzed, his hands are brown,
But on his name there is no stain.
He sleeps well when his stock is down,
For well he knows 'twill rise again.
And when time brings fate's rainy weather
He'll discount what he's "put" together.

In field and orchard we behold
The ploughman's promissory notes.
His green backs are redeemed with gold,
And not with "stuff" the broker floats.
His best protection his good sense is,
Nor bulls nor bears break down his fences.

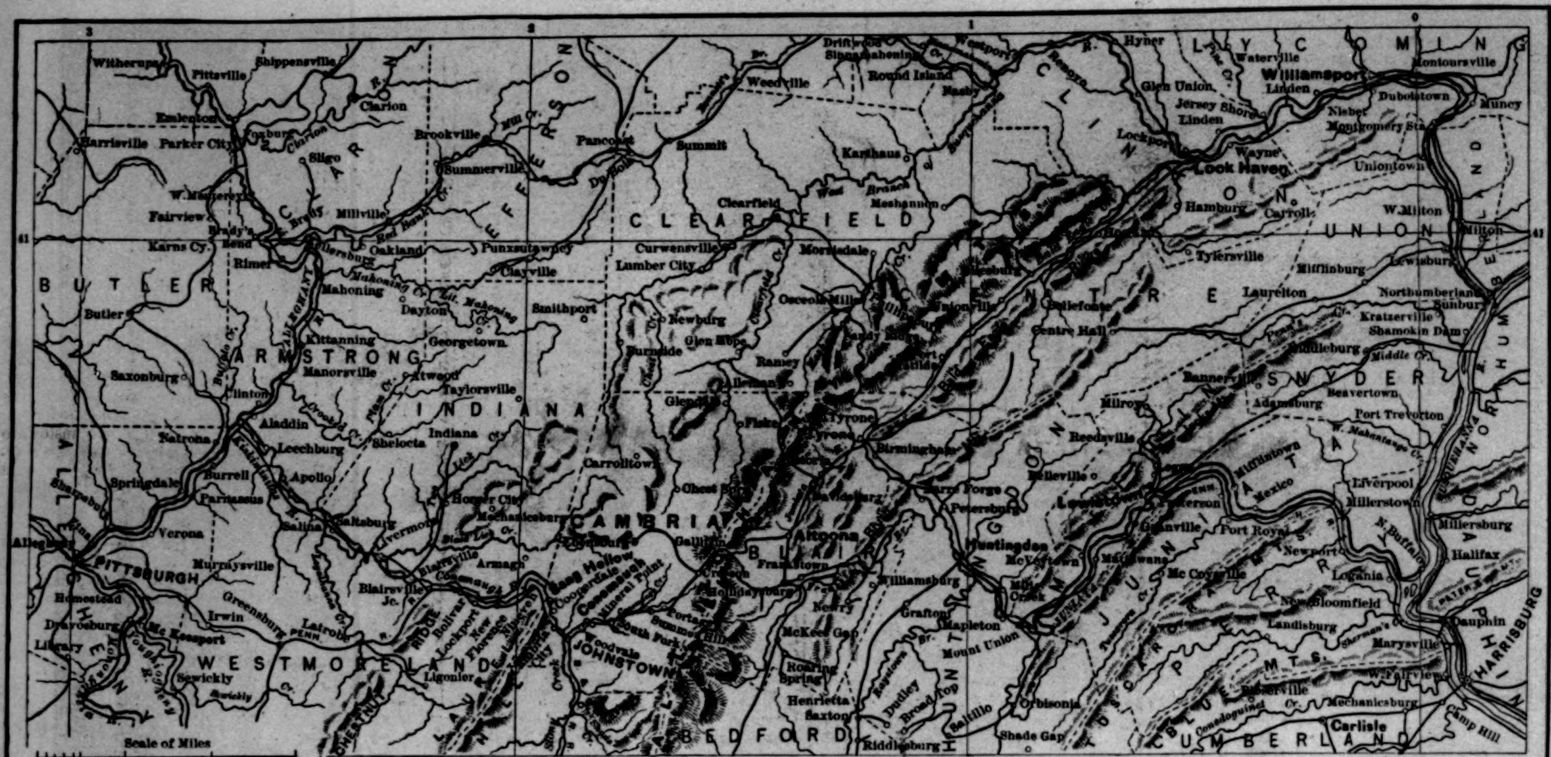
GEORGE W. BUNGAY.



THE FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN—THE SC



[...]SCENE AT THE BRIDGE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.



THE AREA COVERED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA FLOODS.

JOHNSTOWN AND THE FLOODS.

The floods that have brought death and disaster to the people of both sides of the Alleghany Mountains in Pennsylvania culminated on Friday afternoon, May 31st. They extended over a wide region of country, embracing the whole State of Pennsylvania, a small part of New York, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. As this article is written, the deaths and losses which have been inflicted by the rushing waters have not been measured. It is very probable that they will never be. The chances are that the dead will never be accurately counted. It is estimated now that at least 12,000, perhaps 14,000, people have perished. Millions of property has been destroyed.

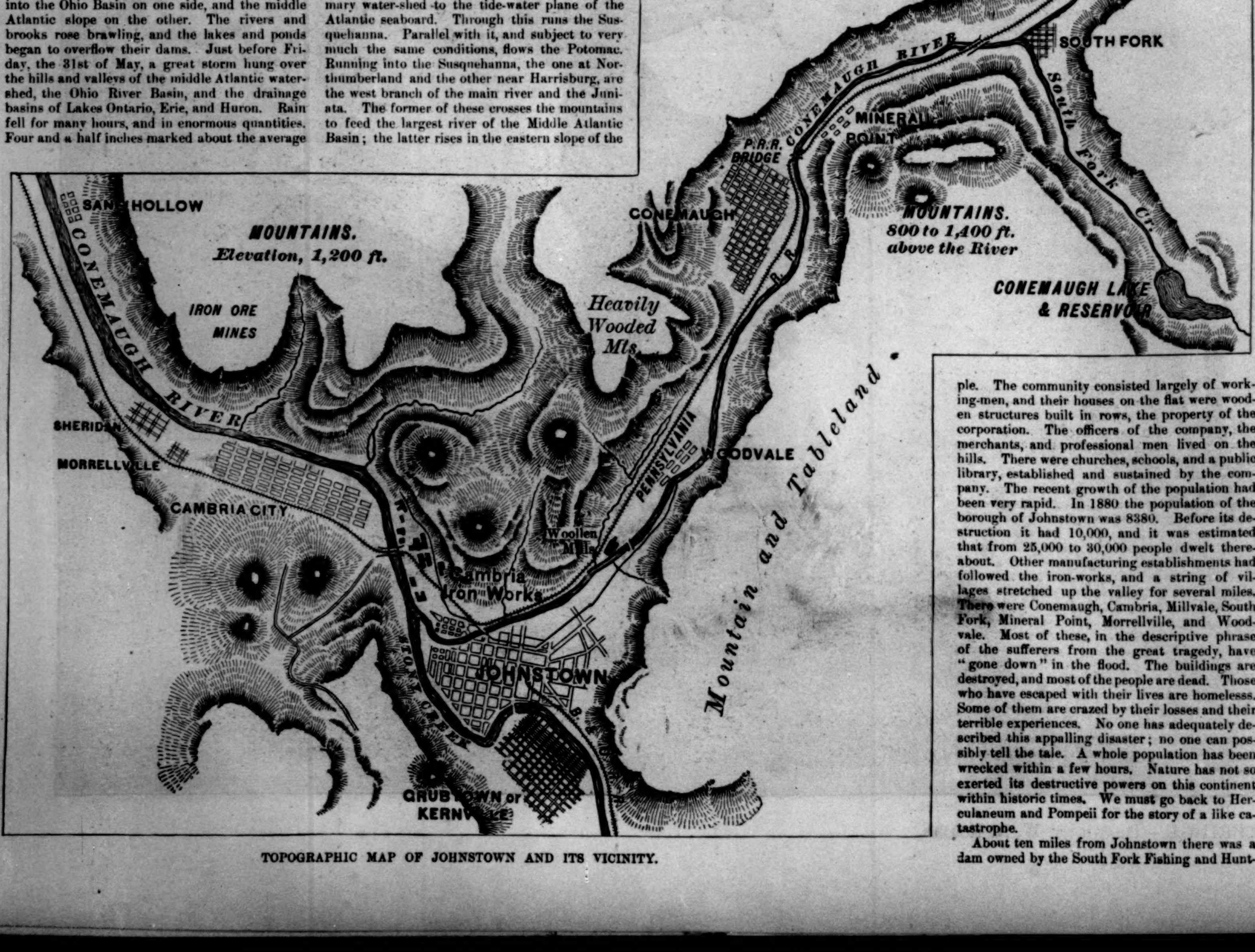
It had been raining many days before the dam in Conemaugh Lake gave way, and the floods washed Johnstown, Conemaugh, and the attendant train of villages nearly out of existence. The streams in the Great Valley and on both sides of the Appalachian range were filled to choking. The earth was saturated, and could hold no more. Day after day the clouds poured down their contents into the streams that ran out of and across the mountains of Pennsylvania and New York, into the Ohio Basin on one side, and the middle Atlantic slope on the other. The rivers and brooks rose brawling, and the lakes and ponds began to overflow their dams. Just before Friday, the 31st of May, a great storm hung over the hills and valleys of the middle Atlantic watershed, the Ohio River Basin, and the drainage basins of Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron. Rain fell for many hours, and in enormous quantities. Four and a half inches marked about the average fall for a few hours preceding the dreadful disaster which has saddened the country for many days, and called forth the heroism and humanity of its citizens to an extent that has been never equalled except when war swept over the land. When this last rain came there was no power of absorption left in the ground. The water ran off the resisting surface, and into the streams, which even then were gorged and dangerous, and the floods came.

These are not usually dangerous streams. They run through deep troughs cut into the mountains. The Alleghany Mountains in this part of the system of which they are part do not rise to a great height, and the Great Valley is nearly as accessible to railroads and other means of communication as the plane countries farther west. In dry weather the streams are low, and frequent dams are essential to make them available for water-power. There are dams also for floating logs in the region on the western branch of the Susquehanna, where Williamsport, Clearfield, and other suffering towns and cities are situated. Pennsylvania is divided, hydrographically, into three divisions. The first is the great Eastern Slope, which descends from the primary water-shed to the tide-water plane of the Atlantic seaboard. Through this runs the Susquehanna. Parallel with it, and subject to very much the same conditions, flows the Potomac. Running into the Susquehanna, the one at Northumberland and the other near Harrisburg, are the west branch of the main river and the Juniata. The former of these crosses the mountains to feed the largest river of the Middle Atlantic Basin; the latter rises in the eastern slope of the mountains and within the Atlantic water-shed. The second hydrographic division of the State is an irregular trough, its uniformity being broken by the characteristic division of the Appalachian system into parallel mountain ranges. It is watered by the feeders of the Ohio River. It is here that Johnstown was, and it is here that the Conemaugh River takes its rise. The trough at this point is between the Alleghany Mountains and Laurel Hills. The Conemaugh at Johnstown has a feeder of its own, known as Stony Creek. The stream begins some distance east of Johnstown, and runs to the borough, where it is joined by Stony Creek. The river passes under a heavy stone railway bridge, and by the neighboring village of Cambria, named from the county of which Johnstown is the seat. Then it continues westward, makes its way by Blairsville to the Kiskiminitas, which is one of the principal feeders of the Alleghany River. Williamsport is in the drainage basin of the Atlantic slope, while Johnstown has been destroyed by a feeder of the Ohio. The third division of the State is a small slope in Erie County, which declines to the lake.

Johnstown was situated in a triangle of low-lying land. The embankment of the Pennsylvania Railroad is on one side of this plane, and above the site of the town; the river swept around it. The waters are generally quiet and placid, although swift, and the scenery is charming. Blue mountains in continuous lines, without peaks, covered with forests, cleft for the passage of the mountain streams, make the background of the picture on every side. Very near, on the Conemaugh, is the Pack-Saddle, celebrated in the scenery of the State.

Johnstown itself has been one of the busiest manufacturing places in the country. It was made, and is largely owned, by the Cambria Iron Company, one of the largest and most flourishing establishments of its kind in Pennsylvania. Conemaugh was near it, and the two together were called Johnstown City. In its various furnaces and mills the company employed about 5000 people. The community consisted largely of working-men, and their houses on the flat were wooden structures built in rows, the property of the corporation. The officers of the company, the merchants, and professional men lived on the hills. There were churches, schools, and a public library, established and sustained by the company. The recent growth of the population had been very rapid. In 1880 the population of the borough of Johnstown was 8380. Before its destruction it had 10,000, and it was estimated that from 25,000 to 30,000 people dwelt thereabout. Other manufacturing establishments had followed the iron-works, and a string of villages stretched up the valley for several miles. There were Conemaugh, Cambria, Millvale, South Fork, Mineral Point, Morrellville, and Woodvale. Most of these, in the descriptive phrase of the sufferers from the great tragedy, have "gone down" in the flood. The buildings are destroyed, and most of the people are dead. Those who have escaped with their lives are homelesss. Some of them are crazed by their losses and their terrible experiences. No one has adequately described this appalling disaster; no one can possibly tell the tale. A whole population has been wrecked within a few hours. Nature has not so exerted its destructive powers on this continent within historic times. We must go back to Herculaneum and Pompeii for the story of a like catastrophe.

About ten miles from Johnstown there was a dam owned by the South Fork Fishing and Hunt-



TOPOGRAPHIC MAP OF JOHNSTOWN AND ITS VICINITY.

A WAIF OF THE FLOOD HAMMERING ON A PIANO IN THE WOODS.

ing Club, an organization of wealthy sportsmen—most of them from Pittsburgh—who accumulated the waters in Lake Conemaugh for their pleasure. The dam which has broken was an old structure built by the Pennsylvania Canal Company for a viaduct. The canal was abandoned, and the dam was leased by the club of sportsmen. Originally there was a series of waste gates in solid masonry at the base of the dam, which were calculated to carry off any dangerous surplus of water that did not find an outlet by a sluiceway which was built around the dam. When the club leased the dam it was in bad condition. The waste gates and their machinery were useless, and it is said that they were not repaired, because, as some people allege, they were too far gone to ruin, while others assert that the club kept them closed in order that the fish in the lake might not escape. The club is said to have made some improvements, but the structure seems to have been a mass of earth and shale, without any masonry of importance. The stream at its base was forty feet wide, and the dam was four hundred feet long at the top. The club had increased its height, and the volume of water cooped up behind it was greatly augmented. One writer describes the dam as a "heap of dirt."

There had been repeated warnings given to the people of the valley that the dam was unsafe, and efforts had been made to prevent its reconstruction by the club. Injunctions were talked of to restrain the increase of the height, and the consequent increase of pressure. Engineers had pronounced against it, but to no purpose. The subject seems to have become threadbare, and the people had grown tired of hearing of a disaster that never came. Occasionally there had been rumors that the waters were about to burst through their barrier. Men had before this ridden down the valley crying to the people to take to the hills, but these alarms had so often turned out to be false that, when they were repeated on the fatal Friday morning, there were very few to give them credence.

All day on Friday it rained in the region over which the great storm was suspended. The waters rose inch by inch and foot by foot, until the people who were watching them became desperately alarmed. John G. Parke, Jun., a young civil engineer, was the first to apprehend danger from the water above the dam. It was early on Friday morning when he discovered that the structure must go if new ways of escape for the fast rising lake were not at once provided. Getting together a force of workmen he made a new sluice, but still the water continued to rise at a frightful rate. The rise was about ten inches an hour. There were signs of breaking, when he ordered his men to dig another channel, and mounting a horse, galloped swiftly down the valley, warning the people of their impending doom. When he arrived at South Fork station he sent two men to the telegraph tower to forward the news to Johnstown.

The dam broke at one o'clock, and soon afterward South Fork station was in ruins, but all who had heeded the warning had escaped. Mr. Parke says only one man was drowned at this place. His warning was given at noon, and thousands of people in Conemaugh, who discredited the alarm because it was like the false warnings which they had heard before, were killed, when they might have been saved by flying to the hills.

The telegram that Parke sent to Johnstown was received by a woman who had been manager of the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in that place for nearly twenty-five years. She remained at her post, assisted by her daughter and the rest of the office force, until it was too late to escape. This widow, whose name was Mrs. Ogle, is one of the heroic figures of the great tragedy. She sent telegram after telegram down the valley, warning the people of the coming flood. The last word received from her was sent at three o'clock on Friday afternoon to the manager of the Pittsburgh office, to whom she made her reports. It was as follows: "This is my last message." It is presumed that then the flood struck the office, carried it away, and that Mrs. Ogle, her daughter Minnie, and the whole force were drowned.

When Saturday morning came, Johnstown and the neighboring towns and villages had been wiped out. The rest of the community knew that there had been a terrible calamity, but was ignorant of its extent. Communication was cut off. The telegraph wires were down, and the railroads had been washed out. No one could reach the scene of the disaster. The newspapers on Saturday morning announced that two hundred lives had been destroyed. That was terrible enough, but on Sunday the number had increased to 6000; on Monday there was no better news, for it was seen that the loss could not be counted. On Tuesday it was estimated that at least 8000 had perished, and on Thursday the numbers had run up to between 12,000 and 15,000.

On Monday the first despatch came from Johnstown, but it was not until Tuesday that word was received from any of the special correspondents who were sent from the city to obtain information of the disaster. The correspondents of the New York *Sun*, and Mr. W. A. Rogers, the artist of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who has supplied the material for most of the accompanying illustrations, having journeyed to Pittsburgh, engaged a special train of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and reached Johnstown on Monday morning. Their journey was very roundabout. They went first to Philadelphia. Then it was discovered that the way to Johnstown was impassable. There were seven miles of water between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and 160 miles of the company's road that could not be found. The artist and the two reporters travelled back to New York, and left here on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad on Sunday morning. It was the only road open to the West. Reaching Buffalo, it was discovered that it was impossible to reach Pittsburgh from that city, so the three went to Ashtabula, Ohio, and travelled thence to Pittsburgh by the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad. They were too late for the regular trains, hired a special, and went to the scene of disaster of high hills at the rate of nearly a mile a minute.

Engineer Parke says that the dam did not break; it simply moved off. Nothing was left finally but a wooden bulwark. When the barrier between the piled-up waters and the people of the valley gave way, the torrent with a leap went rushing for its prey. An eye-witness says that the water seemed not to touch the earth. The overwhelming flood was as sudden as it was disastrous. It was upon its victims before they realized that it was coming. As it reached the villages the houses tottered, and were then swept from their foundations. They crashed against one another, breaking themselves into pieces. Brick as well as wooden houses were carried off, and only their foundations remain. Many of the dwellings had no stone foundations and no cellar. Nearly all who are dead had time to escape. The flood carried its wreckage with it. It was not only terrible, but it was swift. The lake was emptied of its enormous volume of water in two hours. By that time Johnstown had been reached, and the borough was destroyed. Part of the brick walls of the furnaces and mills of the Iron Company were left, but the interiors of the buildings were in ruins. The waters knocked out only a corner of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station, but swept its contents off to the bridge. It was the railroad bridge against which buildings and human beings were rushed, and there they were stopped. Churches were knocked to pieces as if they had been cottages, and one was burned. In it a funeral was going on, and dead and living were burned or carried away. In another, two people were marrying. Since the waters subsided, the bodies of bride and bridegroom have been found clasped in each other's arms. The first impulse of the startled people appears to have been to rush to the tops of their houses, and seated there, they floated down, most of them to death. Some were saved. One mother picked up pieces of drift-wood as they floated by her, and placing her four children on the frail rafts, sent them out upon the angry torrent. All of them were lost. The father had been drowned before in the streets, on his way to buy food for his family against the siege which he supposed was about to begin when the streets of Johnstown would be passable only in boats.

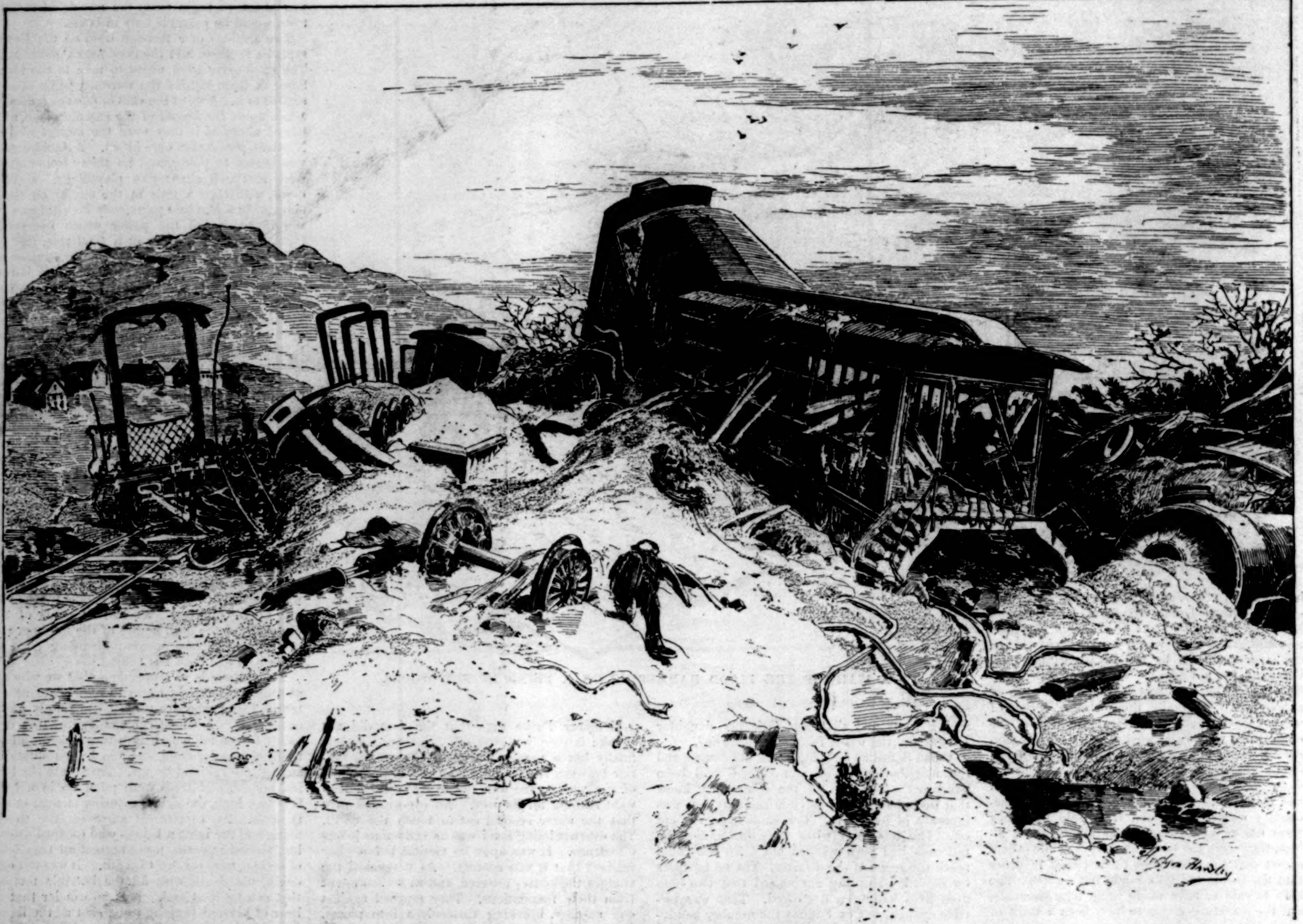
Two sections of a through train on the Pennsylvania Railroad met the flood near Conemaugh. The passengers were urged to take to the hills. Some of them heeded the warning, while others scoffed at it. Two of the cars of one section were taken up on the bosom of the escaping lake, and tossed about as if they were the merest shells. Nineteen passengers were killed. A round-house was beaten to pieces, and its thirty locomotives were scattered about like playthings. Upside down, with their wheels in the air, or on their sides, or in a hundred parts, they lie witnesses of the immensity of the power which overcame them. There is a story of a fatal tree, full of grim and awful interest. A man, powerless to interfere, saw men, women, and children borne down the stream, and dashed to death against this tree. The waters were full of human bodies. The dead kept floating by the telegraph stations of the railroad, and the operators counted them. It is a hundred miles by water from Johnstown to Pittsburgh, but the dead and the wreckage travelled all the way in twenty-four hours. They went down the Conemaugh, through the Kiskiminitas, into the Alleghany, and then they floated by the city. On Saturday thousands of people stood on the banks watching for the bodies. By Sunday there were reports that a hundred bodies had been found at Nineveh; that dead bodies were picked up here and there along the stream; that the water was constantly giving up its victims; that seventy-five bodies were found in a ten-acre field. And with these general statements came the stories of individual loss and suffering, of men wandering over the mud flats where towns had once stood, bereft of everything—of property, wife, and children; of women suddenly widowed and made childless. We had accounts of the discovery of the dead bodies of the missing, and of the stolid, dazed, uncomprehending grief of those who had been left behind.

The episode is so stupendous that we who are at a distance cannot begin to appreciate its extent. Those who are near it are simply dazed or stunned. A whole community dwelling in a valley fifteen miles in length was picked up bodily by the angry flood, and was hurled shrieking against the railroad bridge. And there the bodies, houses, and trees were piled up in a heap fifty feet high, the débris covering an area of sixty acres. An overturned stove set fire to the mass, and the human beings who escaped drowning, pinned into the mass beyond all possibility of escape, were roasted to death. It was not only death, but death with all the horrible tortures that can be imagined. It is no wonder that we hear of persons begging to be shot as the flames begun to burn them.

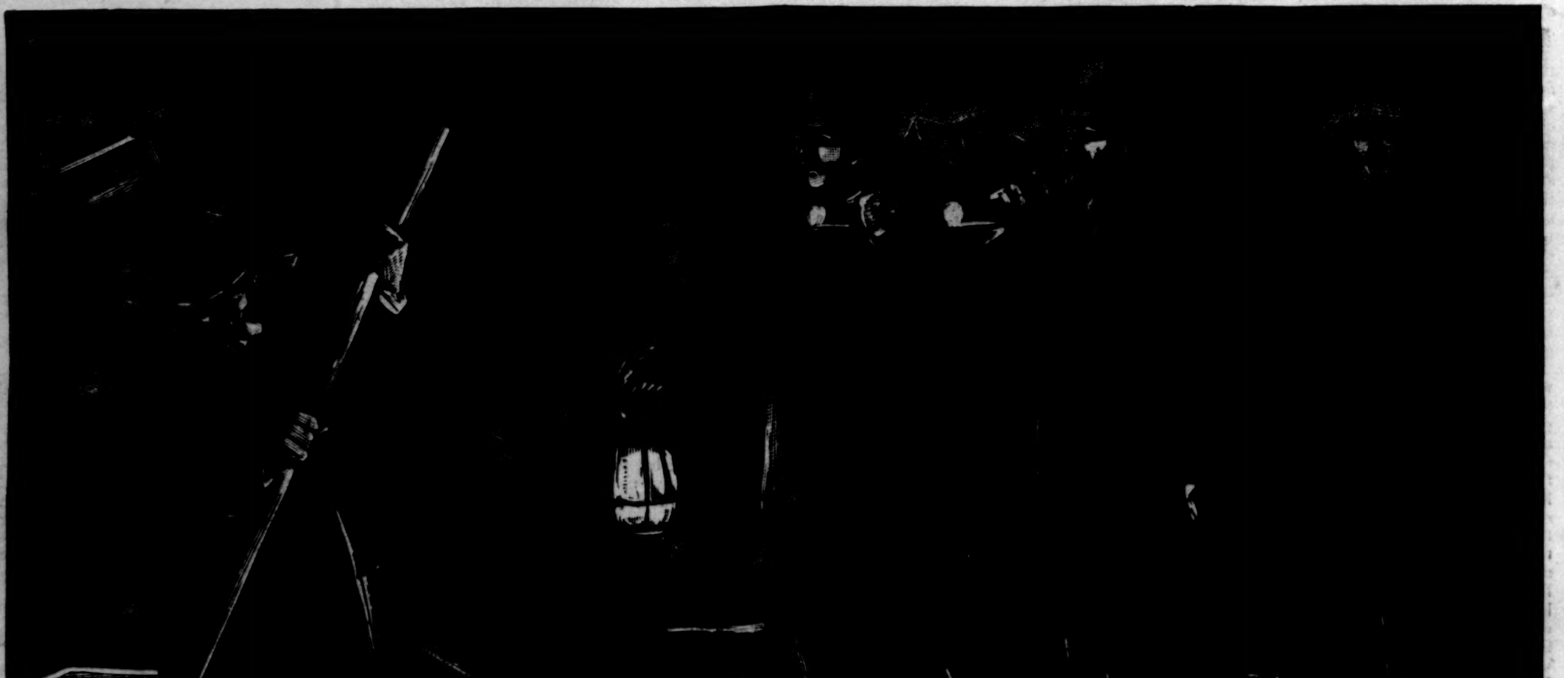
When Saturday morning came the floods had begun to subside, and Johnstown, Conemaugh, and the other villages had disappeared. There was nothing left but the triangular flat and the valley beyond in which they stood, and these were a mass of slimy mud. Most of the ruins were smouldering at the bridge. The pile of buildings, in which there were supposed to be buried quite three thousand persons, covered an area of sixty acres. The bridge itself was broken at the eastern end. Seven of the massive arches remain, but the rest were carried away. The reason why the bridge withstood the terrible pressure upon it is this: as the waters came down the valley of the Conemaugh they ploughed their way across the flat, and leaping over Stony Creek, struck against the hill opposite Johnstown. They were deflected thence, and when they reached the bridge the shot was spent. Mr. Rogers's picture of the "Jam at the Bridge" not only tells the story of the wreck that was seen at that point, but of the general course of the torrent. It indicates also the course of the Conemaugh as it comes around the shoulder of the hill, and takes its further stretch toward the Kiskiminitas.

The estimates of the height of the water wall which have been spoken of are not entirely trustworthy. Naturally no one's opinion of the size of this enormous engine of death is worthy of consideration. The man who said that the first thing he saw was a mass of white spray and the

THE ONLY LOCOMOTIVE RESCUED "ALIVE."

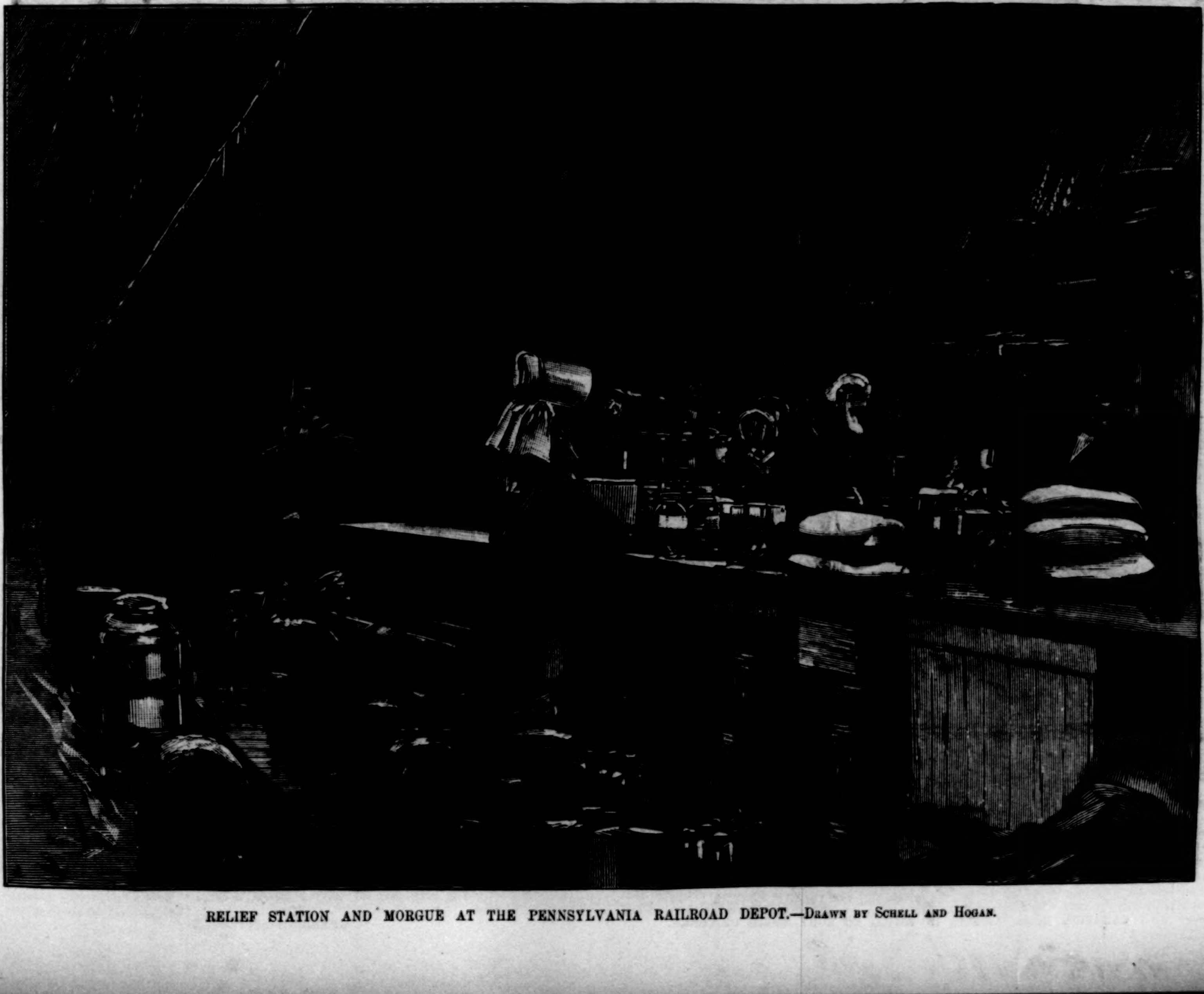


WRECK OF THE VESTIBULE TRAIN FROM WHICH MRS. HALFORD ESCAPED.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.



FERRYING THE DEAD ACROSS THE CONEMAUGH AT NIGHT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE BROKEN SOUTH FORK DAM, AS SEEN FROM INSIDE THE EMPTY RESERVOIR.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.



RELIEF STATION AND MORGUE AT THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DEPOT.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

next thing was Johnstown coming toward him was nearer accuracy than those who attempt to measure the volume of the flood in feet and inches. The wall that fronted this flood was composed of buildings, trees, rocks, masses of earth, and drowning human beings. As for the waters themselves, they twisted this way and that way. Sometimes they appeared to run upon edge. At other times the water behind seemed to rise up to take a header over that in front. It was full of freaks. It not only hurled its burden against the bridge or carried it on down the Alleghany as far as Pittsburgh, but it swirled in eddies, and the dead and the living were borne into recesses of the hills. In one of the accompanying illustrations is a child striking on the strings of an upturned piano, while a dead woman lies half buried under a mass of flotsam. The thirty locomotives in the round-house at Conemaugh and elsewhere in the vicinity were tossed about as if they were light as feathers. Some of them were buried in the sand, only a wheel showing where they had been plunged into the sand. Twenty-seven of the engines have been found. When the engineer at Conemaugh blew his whistle to announce the approach of the flood, every effort was made by those who heard it to escape. The engineer blew until he was obliged to jump for his life. Whatever engine had up steam did its best to run away. A "rescued engine" is illustrated in one of the engravings. Its life has been saved, but it has not escaped damage. Three engines have apparently been lost, for not a piece of one of them has been discovered. Although the flood threw the engines here and there and everywhere, and apparently utterly destroyed three of these iron monsters, the vestibule cars, also shown in one of the illustrations, escaped the waters, only to be burnt by collision with a lime car whose contents had been set on fire by the contact of the water. The flood came only to their floors. Rails were twisted in most curious shapes. One steel rail came out a perfect letter S. The brick buildings which were destroyed were the most treacherous for their inmates, for while the frame houses floated off, and became rafts for a time, the more substantial structures were knocked to pieces.

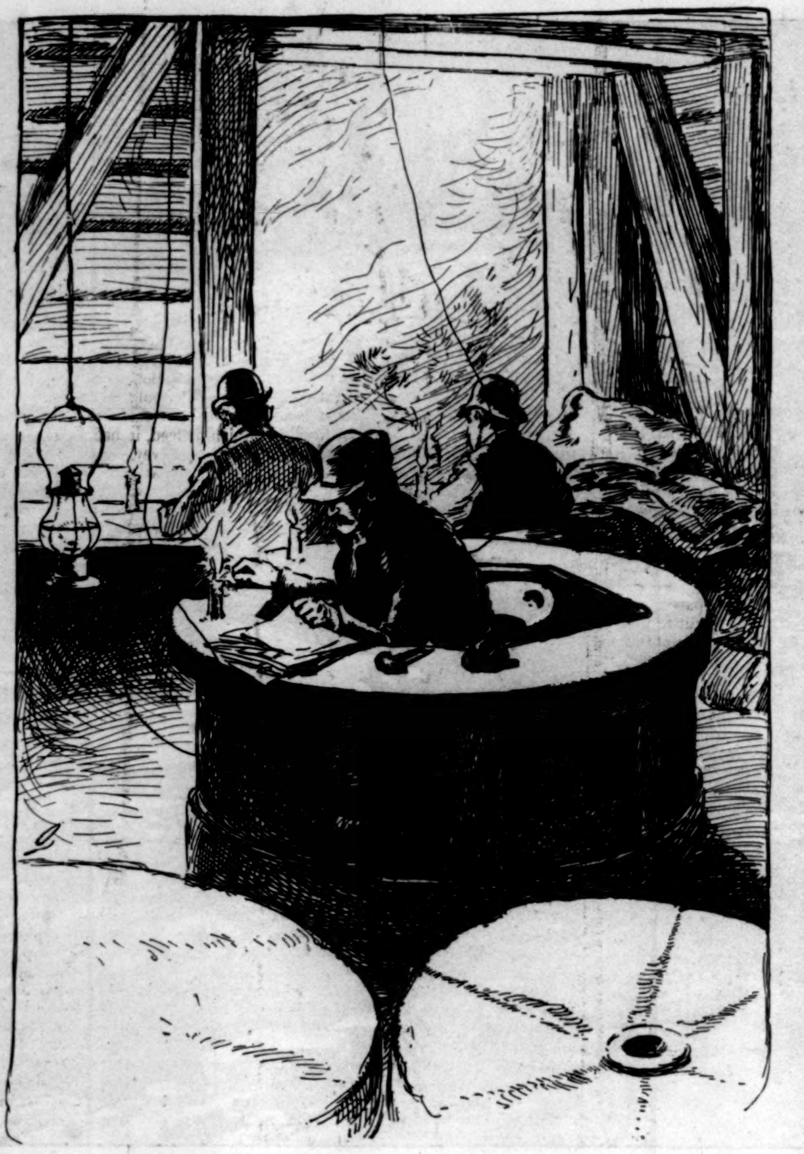
During the dreadful afternoon many acts of heroism were witnessed. Those who were saved escaped upon the hills, and standing there, watched the flood do its deadly work. They saw men, women, and children go to their doom. Some of them rode on the roofs of their former homes, and others had grasped passing trees, planks, or telegraph poles. As these were carried in toward the hill against which the stream struck, they endeavored to seize hold of trees, or of ropes that were thrown to them, and in a great many cases the helpless people on the banks saw men save the women and children who accompanied them, and themselves go down to death. The current swept the people by the banks in such numbers that the count given by spectators staggers belief. A dozen women and children on a single raft were saved by a watcher in a railroad signal tower. There are pitiful stories of young girls swept so far into the bank that the watchers could almost touch them, and yet not far enough to be saved. On the other hand, brave men went out into the stream and brought to the shore people who seemed to be doomed to destruction. Others tried and failed. It was a torturing night to those who were on the brink of the waters. They could hear the cries of those whom they could not reach. Husbands saw wives and children perish before their eyes. The women and children make the largest count in the death-roll.

Immediately after the disaster the search for the dead began. The waters had subsided. The flat had been entirely changed. It was a slimy mud bottom. Even the cellars had disappeared. Here and there a bit of wall indicated where a cellar had been, but, as a rule, mud had levelled everything. Fifty bodies were found in front of the ruined Roman Catholic church, the picture of which is given. Fifty bodies were taken out of the hotel. Bruised and muddy bodies were found everywhere, but most had been lost in the great jam at the bridge. Three thousand are reported to have been buried there. There is a sketch of a common sight. Men are carrying home coffins for the burial of their children. It tells not only of the great loss of children, but of the stolid, business-like manner in which the survivors went about the sad tasks that are demanded by their new circumstances.

In order to go to and from Johnstown it was necessary to cross a swinging rope bridge, which is illustrated on the first page. One was obliged to creep along the treacherous way. Walking was almost impossible. Over the swinging bridge relief parties made their way to the succor of the people who remained in Johnstown.

Relief parties organized at once, and provisions and money have been pouring into the city ever since the news of the disaster reached the outside world. Johnstown wanted everything—food, clothing, kitchen utensils, and houses. For days the people slept on the ground. By Friday last temporary sheds were erected. Charitable people of the country began to send money, clothes, and food on Saturday morning. Washington, partly under water itself, held a great meeting, over which the President presided. He had already telegraphed his subscription.

It will never be possible to give exact figures of the money contributions for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers. The total up to the present can only be approximated. It is safe, however, to add fully five per cent. to the amounts acknowledged. Not only money has been directly sent to many individuals by their friends, but supplies of food, clothing, bedding, etc., have been forwarded. Never was money given so largely and speedily. The whole civilized world

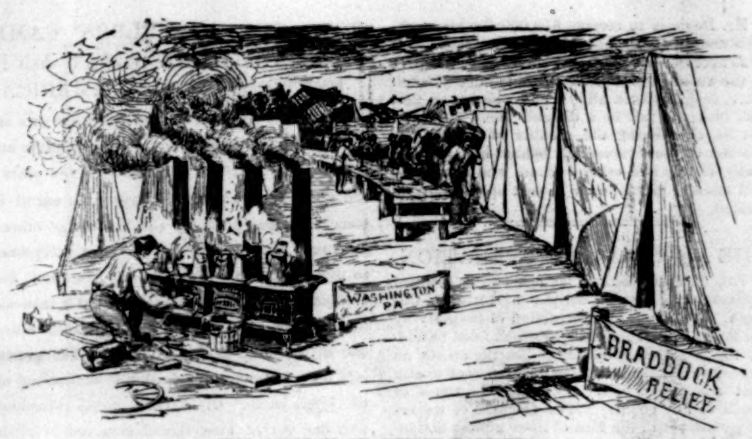


TELEGRAPH OPERATORS IN THE OLD CEMENT MILL.

CARRYING HOME COFFINS IN WHICH TO BURY THEIR CHILDREN.

Adj't-Gen. Hastings.

GUARDING SUPPLIES.



ENCAMPMENT OF RELIEF PARTIES.

has been responsive to the cry of distress. Up to the publication of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY the amounts contributed from various sources have been $1,834,705.

The measures taken to care for the living, to recover the bodies of the dead, and to set Johnstown on its feet again seem to have been all that could be desired. The Pennsylvania militia have been on duty in sufficient force, and Adjutant-General Hastings, who had charge of the executive work, has done his duty in a manner to win the admiration of all who have come in contact with him. One of our illustrations shows the old ferryman who carried the dead, trip after trip, over the Conemaugh. Another shows the Pennsylvania Railroad station, a morgue at one end and a relief station at the other, the people passing the coffins on their way to get supplies.

In contrast with the heroism, generosity, and self-sacrifice that have been displayed are the sordid crimes that have been committed. No sooner was the news of the disaster known to the country than Johnstown's ruins were visited by hordes of petty thieves. These, and a lot of foreign working-men who are to be found in great numbers in all parts of Pennsylvania, set about plundering the dead. There are tales told of men who cut off the fingers and otherwise mutilated the bodies they discovered in order to get at valuables.

The field of desolation is already in the hands of those who will restore it. Woodville is entirely gone. Cambria City is so utterly destroyed that the soil is washed from its rocky base. Workingmen in abundance reached Johnstown early in the week, but it is impossible to tell how long it will take to clear away the wreckage. In the mean time the unrecovered bodies are putrefying, and a pestilence is threatened. There are no houses, and death by exposure and over-exertion is apprehended. Charnel-houses have been established in Johnstown, Conemaugh, and in every village visited by the flood. The United States government has sent engineers to blow up the jam, disinfectants to purify the air, and tents for shelter.

The Conemaugh would not have destroyed any lives, it would not have swept these towns and villages out of the world, if it had not been for the dam at the lake. The accompanying picture of that dam illustrates the description of its construction that has been given. It is the first accurate representation of the break that has been presented to the public. But while the Conemaugh itself was not dangerous, other rivers were breaking over their embankments. The west branch of the Susquehanna had risen, Lock Haven and Williamsport were greatly damaged. Pictures of the floods at Williamsport, Harrisburg, and Washington accompany this article. The Juniata also overflowed its banks, and the Potomac invaded the shores of Maryland and the streets of the national capital.

The Genesee and its feeders reached a greater height than they had attained for years before. Travel on the Erie Railroad was seriously interfered with. There were wash-outs along every line. The Chemung River rose in its might, and railroad bridges on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western and Northern Central railroads were washed away. In that part of the country a great many cattle were drowned. The streets of Rochester and Elmira, and a number of smaller places in that part of the State, were in danger. In Virginia the Appomattox River exercised its power and broke out of its limits. Part of Petersburg was under water. The streets of Richmond were flooded by the James, and the fields of the Valley by the Shenandoah. The Patapsco and other streams along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were in a rage, and covered the tracks and made their way into the villages on the route. At one place the water was nine feet deep on the roadway.

In the Cumberland Valley all the railroads were damaged by wash-outs, and fifteen bridges were carried away.

Almost all of the southern part of the city of Washington was under water. Pennsylvania Avenue was navigable for small boats from the Peace Monument to Ninth Street. The Potomac swept through the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution, and destroyed many valuable trees and plants, and the ponds of the Fish Commission. Communication with the South was cut off. Long Bridge was in danger for several days. The water rose to the level of the railroad tracks, and at last one of the spans gave way. The high-water mark was the highest on record, and Washington has been more than usually unfortunate in the matter of floods.

On Sunday night no trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad were running west or south of Harrisburg or south of Washington.

The Alleghany assaulted the iron tanks of the oil company at Olean, and badly damaged property. It is said that 15,000,000 logs were swept away.

Outside of Johnstown, however, the most serious damage was done at Williamsport and Lock Haven. The west branch of the Susquehanna was in particularly savage mood. It swept away dams built for the storing of logs, and inundated the streets of the towns. Williamsport was nearly cut off. Its great Montgomery Bridge was destroyed. Its lights were put out, so that darkness reigned at night. All the logs in the boom were floated off.

It is fortunate that in all the floods, except that of the Conemaugh, the loss of life has been very slight. Here and there a man was drowned while trying to cross a swollen stream, but the total loss will be very small. The flood gave ample notice of its coming, and everywhere but along the Conemaugh the warning was heeded.

It is a very sad and dismal story at its best, and yet there is some relief to its darkest side. Nature seems to have done its worst, and men have done their best. The exhibition that we have had of quick-responding charity from all parts of the world, even from the sufferers who have found themselves with anything to give, has been as exhilarating as its occasion was depressing. We neither know the full extent of the great calamity, nor have the people ceased to send their gifts and sacrifices to the unfortunate victims of the storm's wrath.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE MAN WHO RODE TO CONEMAUGH.

INTO the town of Conemaugh,
Striking the people's souls with awe,
Dashed a rider, aflame and pale,
Never alighting to tell his tale,
Sitting his big bay horse astride.
"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried;
"Run to the hills!" was what he said
As he waved his hand and dashed ahead.

"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
Spurring his horse, whose reeking side
Was flecked with foam as red as flame.
Whither he goes and whence he came
Nobody knows. They see his horse
Plunging on in his frantic course,
Veins distended and nostrils wide,
Fired and frenzied at such a ride.
Nobody knows the rider's name—
Dead forever to earthly fame.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried;
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

"Stop him! he's mad! just look at him go!
'Tain't safe," they said, "to let him ride so."
"He thinks to scare us," said one, with a laugh,
"But Conemaugh folks don't swallow no chaff.
'Tain't nothing, I'll bet, but the same old leak
In the dam above the South Fork Creek."
Blind to their danger, callous of dread,
They laughed as he left them and dashed ahead.
"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
Lashing his horse in his desperate ride.

Down through the valley the rider passed,
Shouting, and spurring his horse on fast;
But not so fast did the rider go
As the raging, roaring, mighty flow
Of the million feet and the millions more
Of water whose fury he fled before.
On he went, and on it came,
The flood itself a very flame
Of surging, swirling, seething tide,
Mountain high and torrents wide.
God alone might measure the force
Of the Conemaugh flood in its V-shaped course.
Behind him were buried under the flood
Conemaugh town and all who stood
Jeering there at the man who cried,
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

On he sped in his fierce wild ride.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried.
Nearer, nearer came the roar
Horse and rider fled before.
Dashing along the valley ridge,
They came at last to the railroad bridge.
The big horse stood, the rider cried,
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"
Then plunged across, but not before
The mighty, merciless, mountain roar
Struck the bridge and swept it away
Like a bit of straw or a wisp of hay.
But over and under and through that tide
The voice of the unknown rider cried.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" it cried—
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

JOHN ELIOT BOWEN.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

SEATTLE (pronounced Se-at-tle), the largest and wealthiest city in Washington Territory, the business quarter of which has been destroyed by fire, was an insignificant hamlet less than fifteen years ago. It was first occupied by white men in 1852, and takes its name from an old Indian chief, who showed a friendly disposition toward the settlers. For more than twenty years it remained an isolated trading post, inaccessible except by water, and only important as the source of supply of the scattered saw-mills and logging camps of its immediate neighborhood. Its founders chose wisely the site of the future city. They built their hamlet on the east side of Elliot Bay, a broad, well-sheltered harbor, entirely free from obstructions, with good anchorage, and water deep enough for the largest sea-going vessels. Here they waited in full expectation that in due course of time their settlement would be chosen for the Puget Sound terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for which, indeed, it had been recommended by the earliest surveyors as affording the most central harbor of that great inland sea on our northwestern boundary, which has been called, not inaptly, the Mediterranean of America, and which in reality is situated at the western end of the most direct and practicable route between the head waters of Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. But these long-cherished hopes proved to be delusive. In 1873 an organized land company that was in control of the railroad directory purchased a large tract of wild land near Tacoma, at the head of Commencement Bay, and that point was established as the Puget Sound terminus of the line.

This was a sore disappointment, of course, to the people of Seattle. But the final decision had the instant effect of arousing energies that had been dormant during the long years that the advent of the railroad, with its capital and enterprise, had been looked for. Conscious of the superior natural advantages of Seattle and the abounding material resources that invited development, the citizens of the place, whose numbers at the time did not exceed 1500, began the process of "booming" their town in the most vigorous and systematic manner. From 1873 until now the growth of the city has been rapid and constant, and its prosperity is based upon substantial foundations. Seattle is pre-eminently a typical Western city, transformed from a primeval wilderness almost within a decade to a centre of modern life and civilization. Unquestionably its site is one of the most beautiful and advantageous of any city in the United States. Its land-locked harbor is pronounced by experienced navigators to be one of the best and safest anywhere to be found, vessels riding securely at anchor during the severest storms. Until it was overtaken by this calamity its water-front was lined with wharves and docks extending a distance of two miles, at which vessels of every size, from the smallest steam-tug to the largest ocean-going steam-ship, were amply accommodated.

Public improvements are represented by massive blocks of buildings for business purposes, twenty miles of graded streets, and forty miles of sidewalks; a water company capable of furnishing 2,000,000 gallons daily; gas and electric light plants; a street railway three miles in length; nineteen churches of various denominations; two large public-school buildings, one of which cost $42,000, besides the University of Washington Territory, which is part of the public-school system; three well-equipped hospitals; several fine hotels, one of which, the Occidental, was recently built and furnished at a cost of $120,000, and an opera-house upon the construction of which $100,000 was expended.

The residence quarter of the city is situated on the heights, which rise somewhat steeply from the plateau on which the mercantile and manufacturing establishments are located. Many of the houses are of great architectural beauty, some of them costing $75,000 or more, rising upon terrace after terrace, until they reach the summit of the hills. They then give way to luxurious country-seats that fringe the margin of Lake Washington, a body of water on the eastern side of the acclivity. This lake is about twenty-five miles in length and five miles in width. It is fed by mountain springs, and its deep waters are pure and cold. The forest and mountain scenery which surround this beautiful sheet of water have given it a just reputation as one of the most picturesque places in the United States. The residence portion of Seattle seems to have escaped the conflagration.

It would be an error to assume that the marvellous growth of the city is due entirely to the enterprise of its merchants. To its manufacturers also much of its prosperity is owing. It had ten saw-mills, four sash and door factories, three foundries, three large machine shops, two car factories, an extensive boiler factory, an ice and cracker factory, besides breweries, cigar and soap factories, hide and leather curing establishments, grist-mills, ship-yards, and other industries of almost every kind. In 1885 the assessed value of Seattle property was less than $11,000,000, and the population at that time was 12,000. During the past four years the growth of the place has been uninterrupted, and conservative persons estimate that the population has increased to 20,000. Seattle has been overtaken by a dire visitation, and it is very likely that sympathizing hearts throughout the country may find occasion to help the people who have been suddenly made homeless and destitute. But any such assistance will at most be temporary. The citizens of Seattle will soon recover from the disaster, and will be able and willing to repair their own fortunes.

A MONUMENT TO HORACE GREELEY.

"PEACE hath her victories no less than war. She also has her heroes who have fought valiantly and well, and who richly deserve all the honor that may lie in commemorative bronze or marble. The design of a monument to be erected to the memory of Horace Greeley is one of these testimonials to the achievement of honest industry, coupled with high principle, that seem to have a peculiar relationship to our American soil. In no other country than our own would such a career as that of Horace Greeley have been possible. Rising from the ranks, without the advantages of birth, early education, or family influence, he achieved for himself an important position in the commonwealth, and a commanding influence in all affairs that had to do with the welfare of his native land. He was what might be called a typical American of our country's early days, a "self-made man," a product of the times which are rapidly passing away, when a lad may begin his career doing chores on a farm and end as candidate for the Presidency.

At the time of Horace Greeley's death a movement was made toward erecting a public monument to his memory in some prominent position in New York city, and a committee was formed to solicit and take charge of subscriptions for the purpose. At its head was W. W. Niles as chairman; Andrew H. Green was treasurer, and among the members appeared the names of such important fellow-craftsmen of Mr. Greeley as Charles A. Dana, Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Greeley's successor, and the great showman P. T. Barnum. The sum of $7000 was collected, but after that the project seemed to languish; the money was invested to await events, and gradually the matter faded from the memory of the public.

About a year ago the scheme of building some worthy memorial of the great abolition editor was revived, this time by a company of printers, many of whom had been immediately connected with or in the employ of Mr. Greeley. The movement began among the members of the Horace Greeley Post. It was also taken up with considerable

WILLIAMSPORT COURT-HOUSE.—From a Photograph by Craytor Brothers.

enthusiasm by Typographical Union No. 6, the largest in New York city, and by other bodies connected with the profession of printing. A committee was formed, with George W. Moore as chairman, and included among its members a number of representative citizens.

It is rather a curious circumstance that until the new committee had been formed and was actively at work collecting funds for its proposed undertaking, the members were in entire ignorance that a previous committee was already in existence, and that a considerable sum of money had been collected for the same object. When the fact transpired, negotiations were soon opened, and an amicable arrangement arrived at, whereby the new body should take possession of the money already raised and carry on the work. This sum now amounts to about $10,000.

With this amount in its possession, the committee determined that the work should begin. A commission was given to the sculptor Mr. Alexander Doyle, of New York city, who immediately set to work upon a small sketch of his proposed statue. It is a representation of this preliminary sketch or model that is given in our paper. Every reader who is familiar with the features of the energetic editor and benign old philosopher, or who remembers his usual expression and characteristic attitudes, will see at once what a faithful portrait the sculptor has succeeded in producing even in this his first suggestion for his large and complete work. Mr. Greeley is represented in the attitude which was perhaps the most familiar to those who knew him best. He is seated in his comfortable old office chair, a copy of his newspaper in his hand, and he has apparently just been interrupted by a visitor. The hand, still holding the paper, drops to his side, and his head is slightly raised as if to meet the eyes of the visitor, who is standing in front of him. This gives his features at their best. The effect of quiet repose is preserved, the serene benevolence of his usual expression retained, while the slightly questioning or interested look in the eyes, as if he expected to hear of some matter with which he had some pleasant concern, supplies the necessary animation. In regard to costume, the sculptor has effected a graceful compromise between the well-known and characteristic carelessness of Mr. Greeley's dress and the demands of art, where carelessness and negligence must be confined within reasonable limits. The inevitable trousers' leg, for instance, that never was known by man to escape from the confining hold of the end of the wearer's low shoe, is in the statue only slightly turned up. This is as well, perhaps. Mr. Doyle may have had his future reputation in view. Coming generations, unfamiliar with the tradition of the trousers leg, might regard it, perhaps, not as a bit of realism, but as an indication of an aberration of intellect on the part of the sculptor.

THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER—RESCUES AT THE SIGNAL TOWER.

Mr. Doyle is to receive $10,000 for his work. This sum has been raised, but a pedestal is equally as necessary as the statue itself. For this part of the work the committee desire to raise $15,000 more, or $25,000 in all. It is to be hoped that this task will not be a difficult one. It should not be, considering the number of friends the founder of the *Tribune* left behind him, and the many literary and other workers who have a direct interest in the honor he cast upon their profession.

THE WORK OF RECUPERATION.

The business community has had to contend against a number of serious misfortunes this week. The frightful destruction of property by the floods here at the East, to which must be added the large losses by fire at Seattle, makes an aggregate simultaneous disappearance of wealth that has rarely been approached in times of peace in any country. The firmness of the security market in the face of these almost national misfortunes is as good evidence as could be required of the inherent soundness of business generally. The strength of the stock and bond markets is the more noteworthy as the authorities of the Stock Exchange happened to undertake, contemporaneously with the events referred to, the execution of a strategic move that proved abortive, except in checking the feeling of confidence that has recently been developing in relation to Wall Street affairs. For four days the street and the public were relegated to the methods of a quarter of a century ago in a vain attempt on the part of the Exchange to control the quotations that are made on its floor. Yet even that unkind treatment of its clients by the Stock Exchange did not upset the market, though a large number of small traders were influenced to throw their stocks overboard. From this it may be inferred that the majority in interest who hold stocks had quite as much faith in the eventual triumph of common-sense in the Stock Exchange as they have in the recuperative power of the country.

This last observation brings us close to the work in which every one has a greater or less interest, namely, the building up of the stricken localities. Every industry is bound to feel the effects of the extensive work of reconstruction that will go on for months to come. There will be more employment in many important trades, and especially in those that have to do with architecture. There are millions of dollars' worth of goods that will have to be replaced, to say nothing of the preparation to receive them. Already the iron trade has begun to reflect an increasing demand, growing out of the many miles of railroad track that have been destroyed and the putting up of new buildings. The price of steel rails has been advanced one dollar per ton, and pig-iron is fifty cents a ton higher. There are innumerable new bridges to be built for the railroads—a necessity that will give a very important industry a good deal to do. And all of this involves the transportation of a vast amount of material and the shifting of no inconsiderable proportion of the population. Individuals have suffered financial losses from which many will never recover, and a comparatively small number of corporations have encountered misfortunes that will curtail their profits for some time to come, but the unimpaired arteries of commerce will pulsate more quickly while the process of restoration is going on.

This may seem to be too pleasant a view to take of one of the most fatal calamities that ever overtook a civilized community. But no one can deny that it describes the present and the immediate future of the situation from a business point of view, and it is with them that we have to deal incessantly. A more general view of the situation reveals other changes that have taken place in the business world within the calendar week. The matter of readjusting through rates to and from points west of Duluth and Chicago has been taken up by the managers of the roads engaged in that traffic. The issue presented is clear enough, but not so its solution. It involves the diversion of traffic from channels to which it has long been accustomed to a nearer, shorter, and cheaper route. The traffic that would naturally go by way of Duluth will take that route in the end, and no amount of coaxing or forcing will induce it to go by way of Chicago. There is a region naturally tributary to Chicago, but it is now restricted, whereas a few years ago it included the entire West and Northwest. While this situation is unsatisfactory, and at times appears to be threatening, it is very doubtful if any of the companies interested will take the responsibility of precipitating a rate war. The geography of the situation is relentless, and will prevail in the end.

Additional heavy exports of gold have also caused some apprehension, as was to be expected, for there is always, both in Wall Street and out of it, a large number of people who seem to believe that prosperity is entirely based upon the yellow metal. At the present rate we are not parting with more gold than we can afford to. As long as foreign dealers will return our securities to us, because they do not happen to see an improvement in railroad earnings as clearly as a large number of people in this country believe they foresee it, and as long as we import luxuries by the ship-load, and go to Europe every year by the tens of thousands with liberal purses, we must expect to pay the bills, and in the international coin But in the long-run the balance is in our favor. Despite our trade restrictions we sell Europe more than we buy from her; that is, including securities. That some hesitancy in finance and in trade should result from the changes that have been noted is perfectly natural. The surprise is in the almost universal complacency.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, June* 8, 1889.

HOW 'THE TRAVELERS' CAME TO BE THE ONE GREAT ACCIDENT COMPANY IN AMERICA.

Any new sort of business generally gets on its feet by bankrupting pretty much everybody who goes into it for the first few years; the great firms who finally grow rich out of it come later, and profit by the knowledge others have paid for. One of the few great exceptions to this is accident insurance in America: the Company which began it is still greater than all the rest put together, has long ago seen every one of its early rivals buried, and has grown into one of the leading business institutions of the whole earth. Of course it seems ridiculous that one set of men should coin money right along where everybody else starves in the same field; and lots of people can't understand it and can't bear it—it looks *so* easy to give a man a piece of paper and promise to pay him something if he gets killed! So they try it and burn their fingers; and other concerns come from foreign countries to see if they can't turn the stream into their ditches, and *they* get weary and go home: and the more there are to fight, the more The Travelers looms up above them all.

And why? Well, partly because their idea is huge nonsense—the business is not an easy one, but one of the hardest in the world: needing a mint of money, *experience*, and no end of business ability, care, hard work, and the faculty of deciding just right at an instant's notice. The Travelers is the only one that has the first two; we won't say anything about the rest. There are other reasons, too, but there is no space to detail them here. It is enough that it has become *the* accident company of the country. Its assets on January 1, 1889, were $10,383,000, and its surplus to policy-holders $2,041,000—a magnificent fund, which makes its policies equal to any security in the world. It has paid back to policy-holders over $16,000,000, one tenth of it during 1888; its claim payments in the Accident Department alone are now over a million a year; there have been $200,000 in a single month, and it could have paid the entire million in any one month without endangering it in the least.

And to sum up, we draw the sound deduction which was attached to every item, prose or poetry, jest or earnest, in an early number of their monthly paper, and which has become nearly classical, viz.:—"Moral: Insure in the Travelers."—[*Adv.*]

AN INDOLENT ORGAN.

When the liver is indolent, as it must necessarily be when it fails to secrete the bile in sufficient quantities to meet the requirements of digestion and evacuation, it should be set at work with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The healthful stimulus to activity imparted by this incomparable alterative, speedily evinces itself in a departure of the uncomfortable sensations in the right side; the nausea; fur upon the tongue; indigestion, and sick headache consequent upon inactivity of the liver and the diversion of the bile from its proper channel. Irregularity of the bowels is always and painlessly reformed by the corrective indicated, which is infinitely to be preferred, both because it is safe and more efficacious, to blue pill, calomel, and drenching purgatives of every class. It cures and prevents fever and ague, and rheumatism. —[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Imperial Granum.—The safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. A nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged—Imperial Granum.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

"For a long time I had no appetite, was restless at night, and very much debilitated. After taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my strength and appetite returned, and my health was completely restored." D. M. Fisher, Oswego, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

THE RUINED ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT JOHNSTOWN.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

JOHNSTOWN, FROM SOUTH FORK TURNPIK

PIKE, LOOKING WEST.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.